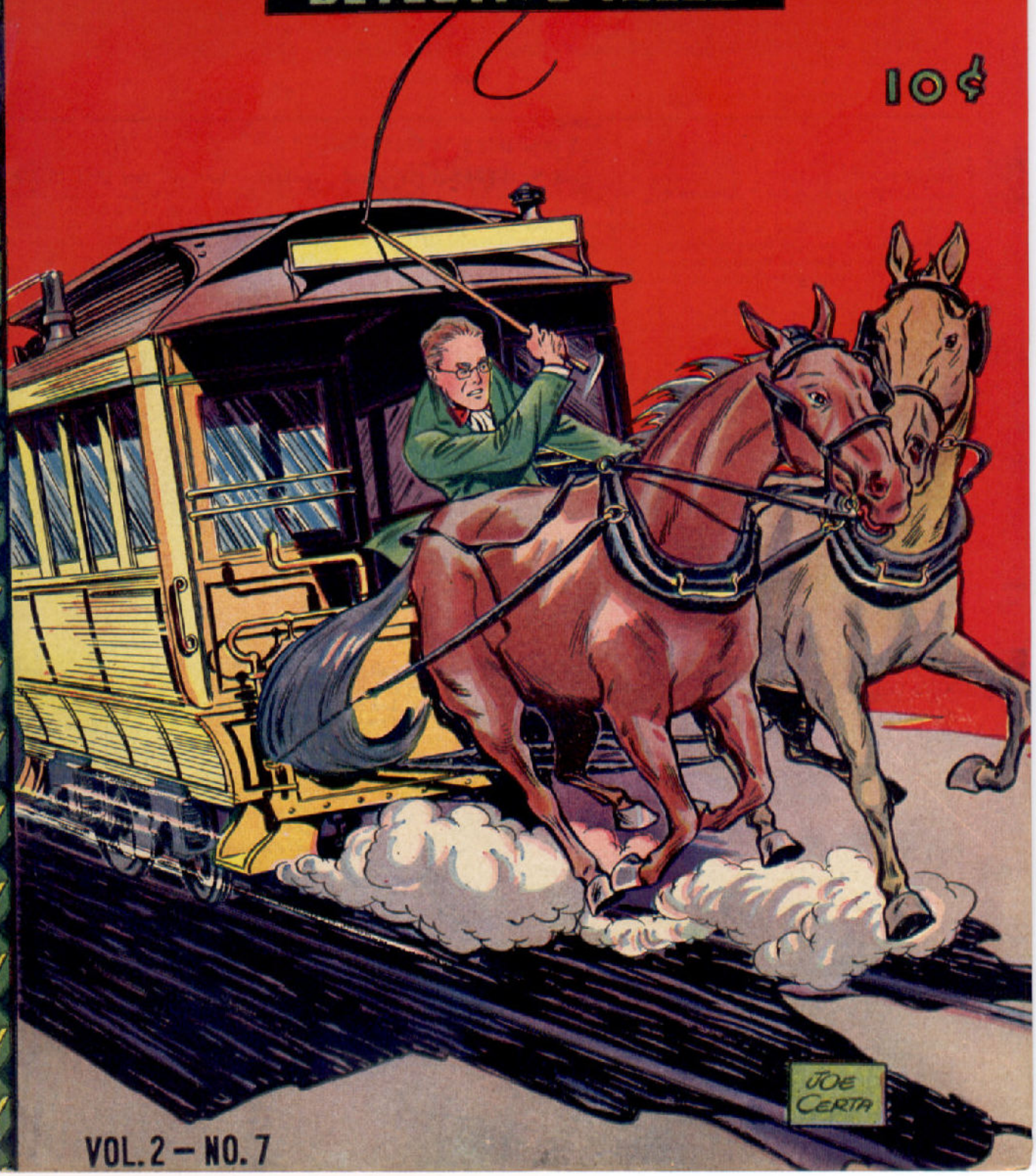
JULY

PREMIUM PG

Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

10¢



VOL. 2 – NO. 7

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

COLE CLUES
NEWS AND VIEWS

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

The Editors page is yours this month! Look at all the letters below. And they are only a few of the hundreds we are receiving in the battle between Toni Gayle and Young King Cole.

Don't you really feel that Iris and Young King can stand up to Toni? We think they can, too. Let's have more suggestions for making "Young King Cole" a more appealing strip.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

Your "Young King Cole" character is just trash. It hasn't got enough excitement in it. All he does is go on vacations and meet up with some small-time outlaws. And if he does meet up with a big-time outlaw, somebody else is the hero.

"Toni Gayle" is the only one who I like. She goes through a lot of excitement and adventures, and is always the hero.

Well, Editors, you have my opinion.

Yours truly,
Johnny Sutphin
Marmet, W. Va.

What type of plot would you suggest for Young King, Johnny?

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading YOUNG KING COLE detectives tales, and like them very much. I would like to say one thing, that I like "Toni Gayle" better than any one of the other stories. I also like "Dr. Drew, The Zoo Man," because it is so funny.

It has been nice of you to publish this comic. I try to get every YOUNG KING COLE issue and read it.

Yours truly,
Jack Ardis
New Church, Va.

My, another male rooter for Toni!

* * *

Dear Editors:

In the Feb.-March issue of YOUNG KING COLE, you asked us readers how we liked "Young King Cole." This is my opinion.

I think Young King Cole's cases are very interesting, but they are too easy. It would be better if they were mysteries that reveal the criminal at the end of the story. Also, I think you should have two "Young King Cole" stories since that is the name of the book.

Ursus Graham is mostly all brawn and no brain, and is always getting into trouble. Iris Norland, if given a chance, could measure up to Toni Gayle. I think "Homer K. Beagle" is good, but the things that happen to him are too fantastic.

As a whole, I think your book is swell.

Sincerely yours,
Anne Clarke
New York, New York

There are some good constructive ideas for our book, Anne. Thank you.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have been reading YOUNG KING COLE COMICS and noticed that you want opinions on Toni Gayle. Different people may have different opinions on different things, but personally, I like her very much. I think that she could get into more adventure, therefore, being more interesting.

It looks as if she is more a one-sided compliment. The girls like her, and the boys don't. They are jealous of her for rapidly becoming the star of your magazine. At least that is my opinion.

Cordially,
Marion McCoy
Overland Park, Kan.

Thanks for the "opinion," Marion.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Every time I go to buy a funny book, I just don't buy any one, I buy the best and the best is YOUNG KING COLE.

In Feb.-March issue, you asked all of the readers how well they liked Toni Gayle. My opinion is that she is all right. She has plenty of adventure, and I also like Young King Cole, and his adventures with Burke Kelley, a member of the Cole Detective Agency. You have my opinion, gentlemen.

Sincerely yours,
Jimmy Stenberry
Denver, Colo.

Jimmy seems to like Toni and Young King equally well. That's what we'd like to see more of.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I believe that YOUNG KING COLE is a good magazine. It has the best characters especially Toni Gayle. I am eleven years old, and like Young King Cole, Dr. Drew, and Zan the best. The short stories are good.

I like Toni Gayle; she is a woman fighter.

Your best reader,
Ronald Burhe
Wilmington, Del.

Guess all the boys aren't jealous of Toni, are they, Ronald?

* * *

Gentlemen:

I am a boy, but I still like "Toni Gayle." I like "Young King Cole," but not as much as I like "Toni Gayle."

The one I like better than all of them is "Homer K. Beagle."

It is a good magazine to read, and I like to read it very much.

That, gentlemen, is my opinion.

A reader of Y.K.C. Comics,
Mike Moore
Omaha, Nebraska

How would you change Young King to give Toni more competition, Mike?

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO YOUNG KING COLE, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

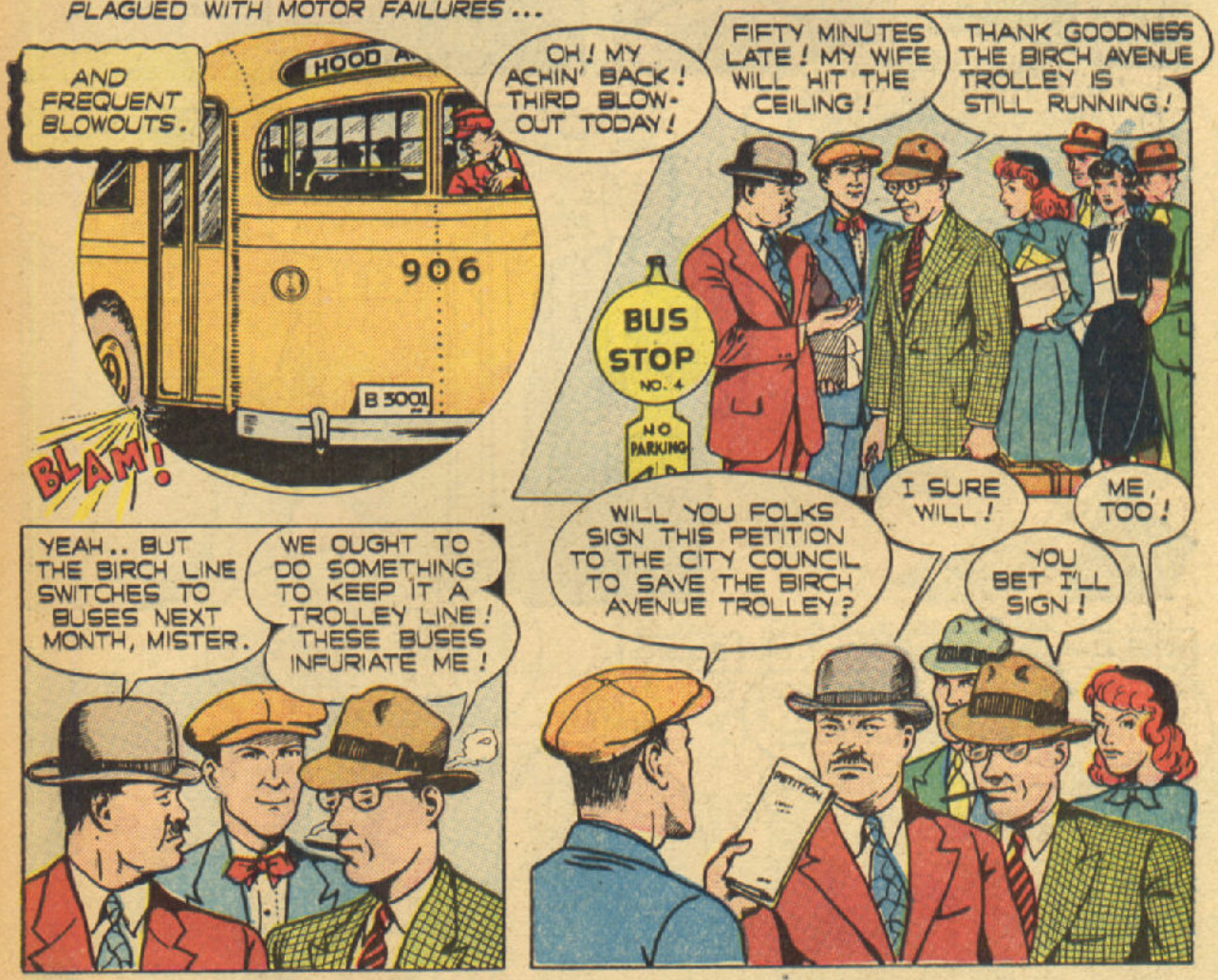
$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

YOUNG KING COLE

DETECTIVE AGENCY MASTER MIND

ART BY JIM WILCOX

ORDERED BY THE BIG CITY COUNCIL TO MODERNIZE BY CONVERTING ITS TROLLEY LINES INTO BUS LINES, THE BUSH TRANSIT COMPANY FINDS ITS NEW BUSES PLAGUED WITH MOTOR FAILURES...

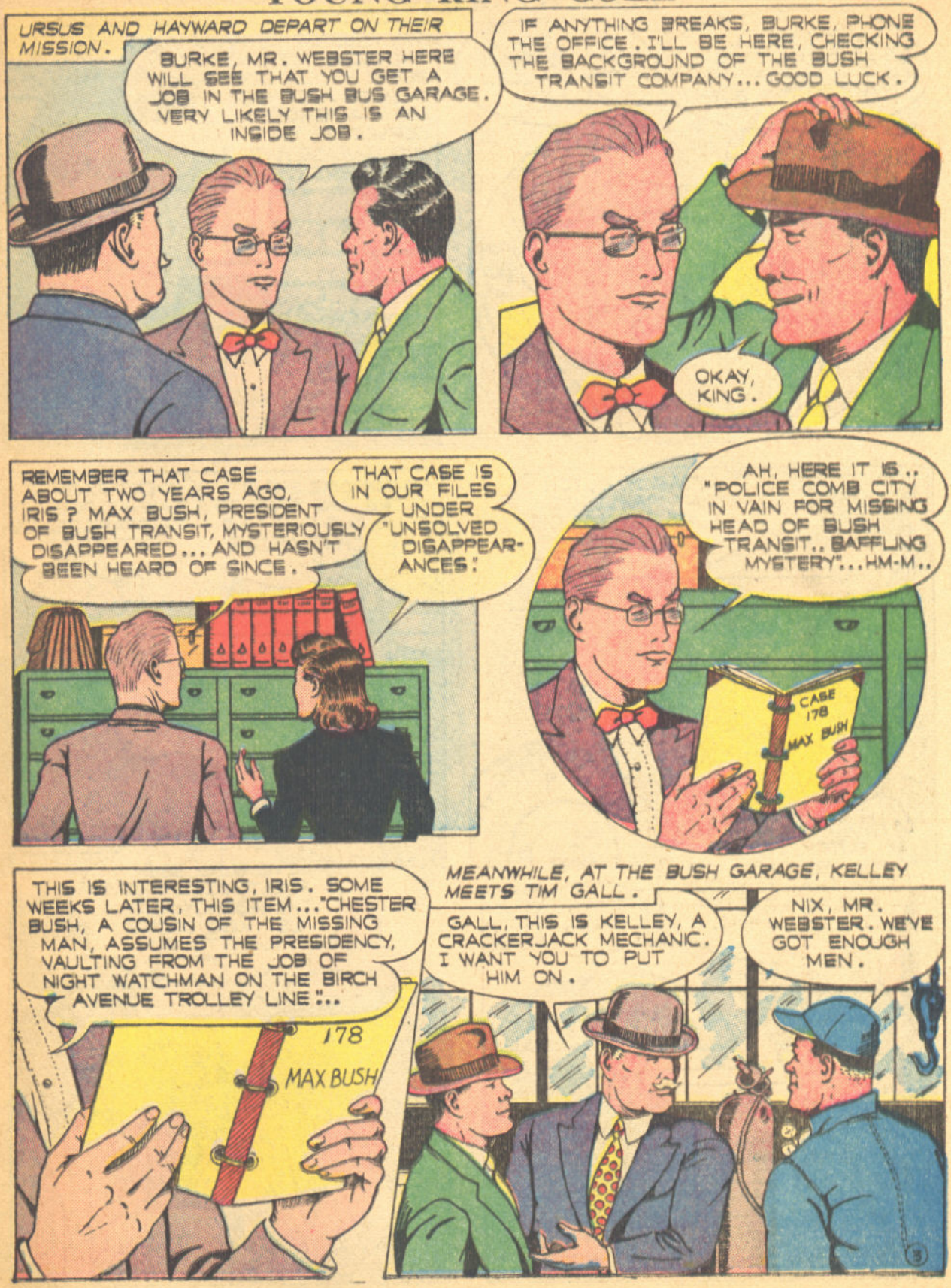


Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Jean Gibson Brundage, Editorial Assistant; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

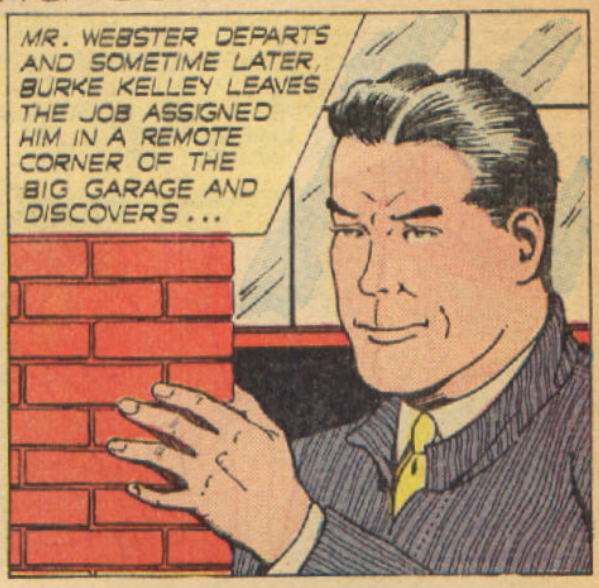
YOUNG KING COLE, Vol. 2, No. 7, July, 1947, published monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1947 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price $2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 20, 1946, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

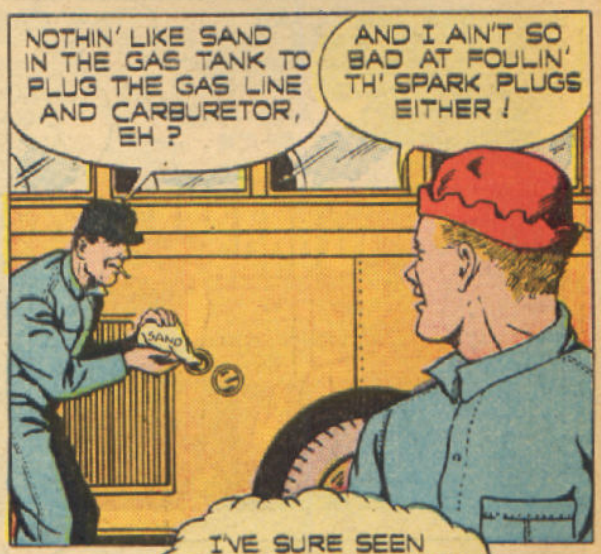
YOUNG KING COLE

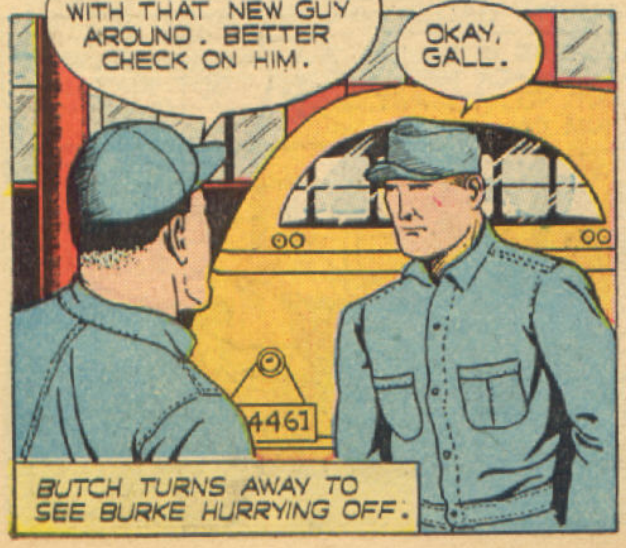
YOUNG KING COLE

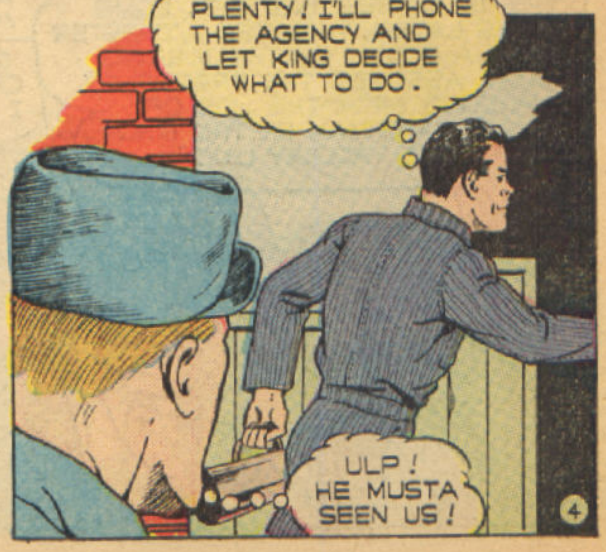


YOUNG KING COLE





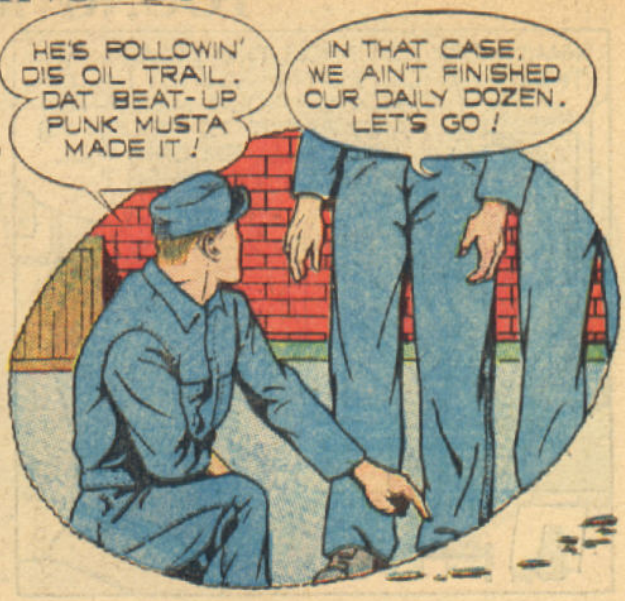




YOUNG KING COLE

YOUNG KING COLE

BECAUSE OF HIS NEARSIGHTEDNESS, KING MUST BEND OVER TO FOLLOW THE OIL TRAIL. THUS HE ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF GALL.
LOOK! WHAT'S THAT GUY DOIN', HEY?

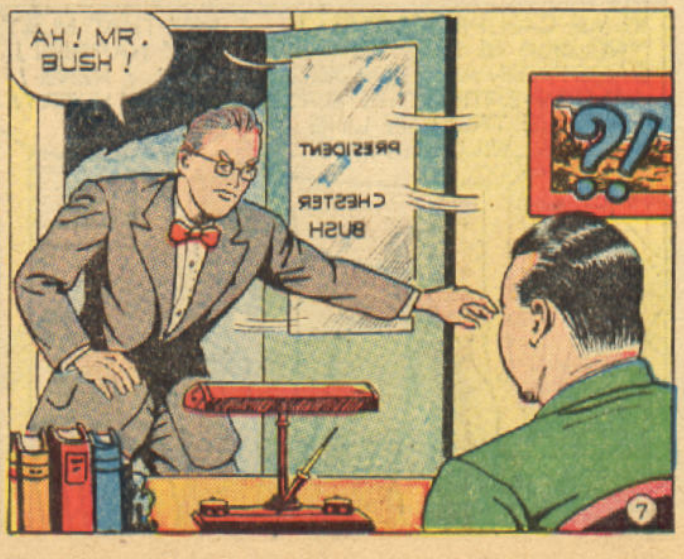

HE'S FOLLOWIN' DIS OIL TRAIL. DAT BEAT-UP PUNK MUSTA MADE IT!
IN THAT CASE, WE AIN'T FINISHED OUR DAILY DOZEN. LET'S GO!

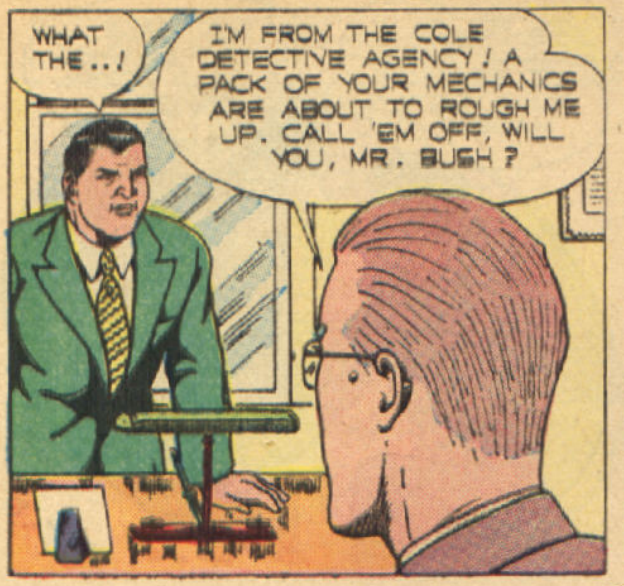
HEY... YOU!!
THAT TRAIL LEADS INTO THE CAR BARN..O-OH! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!

WHEW! I WOULDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST THAT GANG! I'D BETTER BREEZE!

AFTER HIM!
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN!

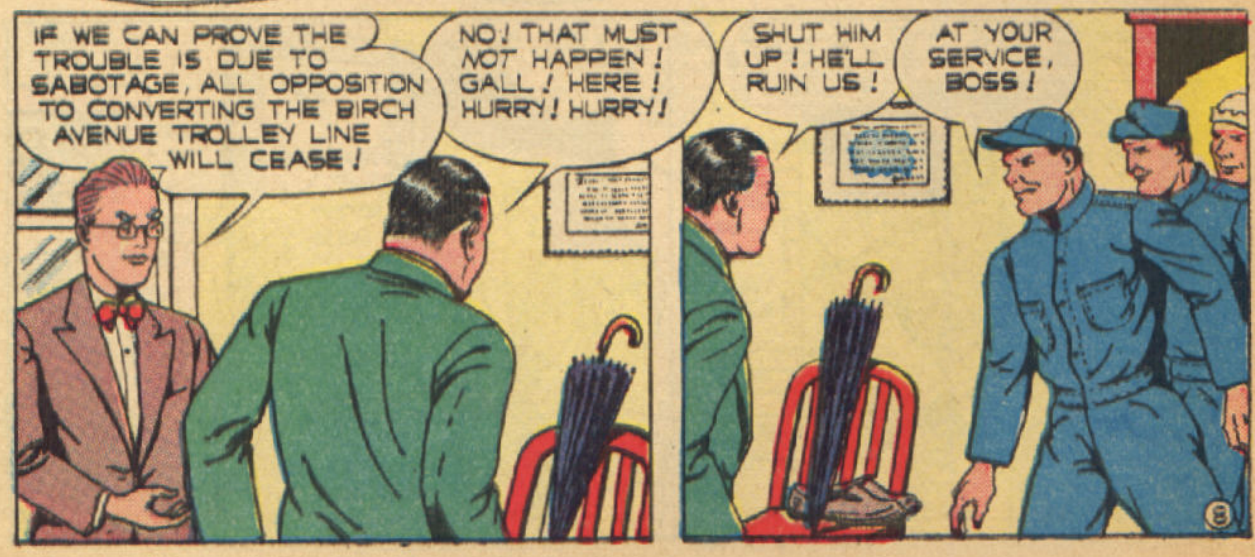
PURSUED BY GALL AND HIS GANG, KING DARTS INTO A NEAR-BY OFFICE BUILDING.
I'D PLANNED CALLING ON CHESTER BUSH, BUT NOT QUITE THIS WAY!


AH! MR. BUSH!
?!

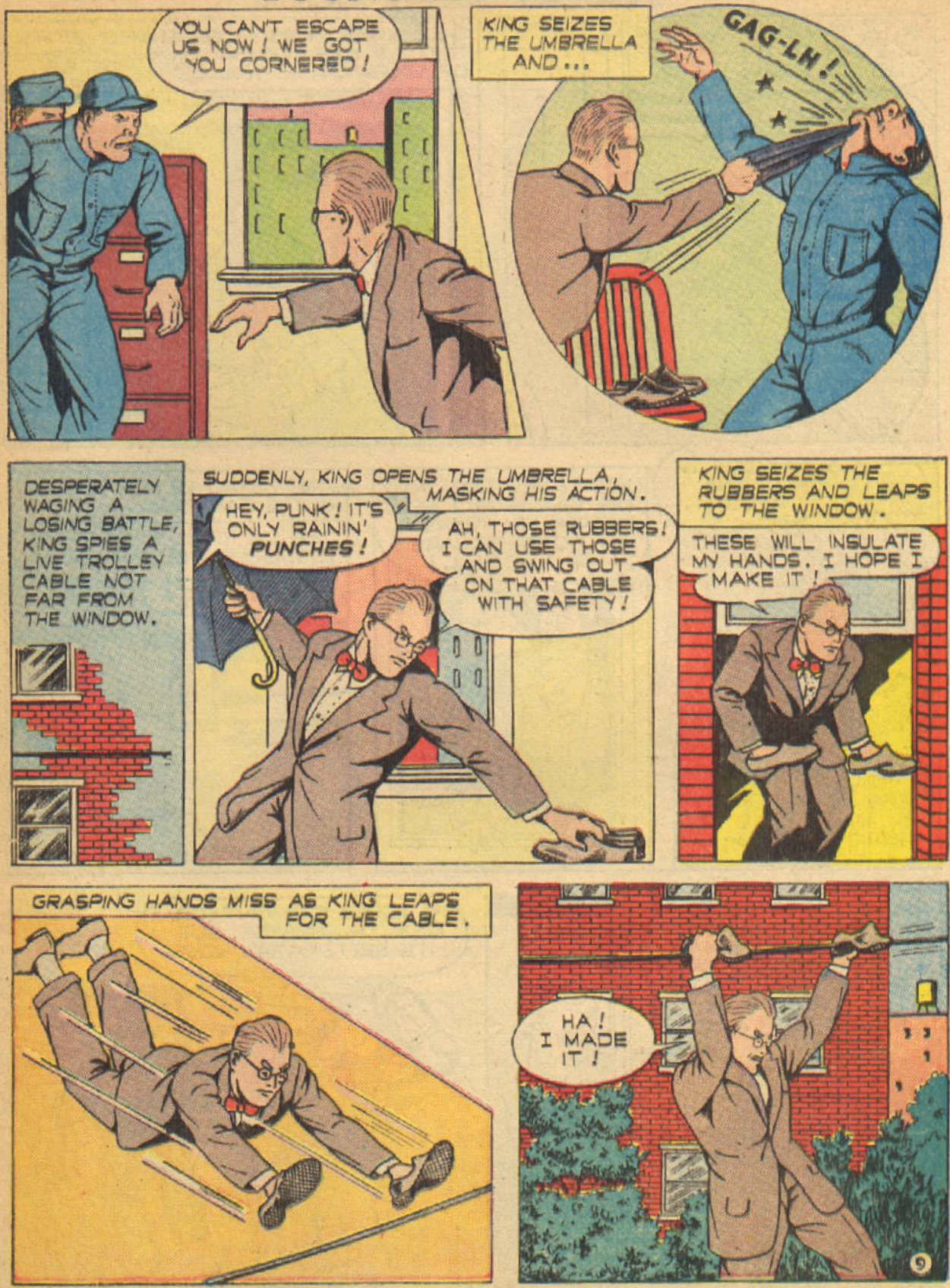

WHAT THE..!
I'M FROM THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY! A PACK OF YOUR MECHANICS ARE ABOUT TO ROUGH ME UP. CALL 'EM OFF, WILL YOU, MR. BUSH?

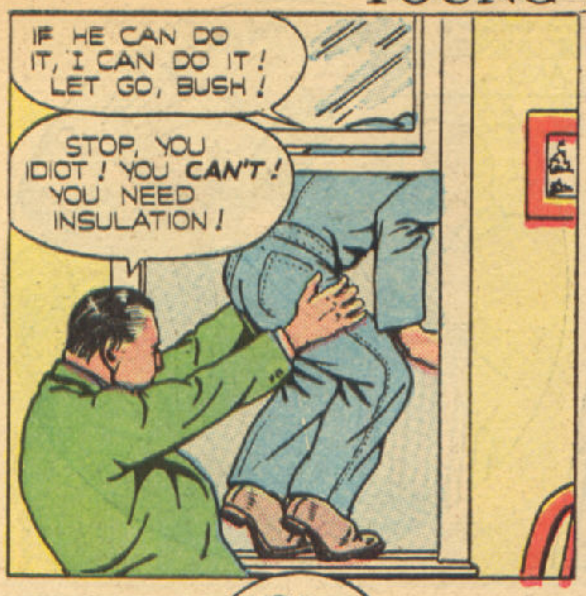
A MOMENT LATER, BUSH ANGRILY STOPS GALL'S GANG.
THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS! GET OFF THE PREMISES! YOU'RE ALL FIRED!
YES, SIR. LET'S GO, BOYS.

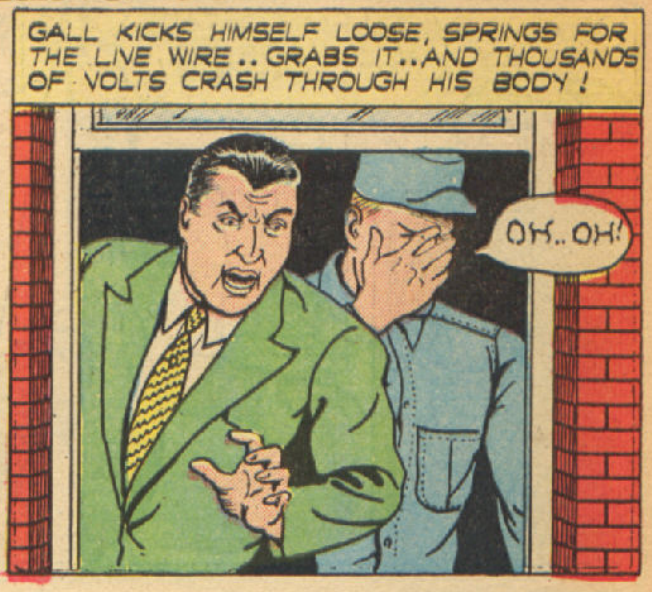
INSTEAD OF LEAVING, GALL AND HIS MEN LURK OUTSIDE IN THE HALLWAY.
WE'LL SIT TIGHT, GUYS. BUSH IS PUTTIN' ON AN ACT, AND HE MIGHT NEED US. CATCH?
AND NOW, CAN I DO ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU?
YES. TELL ME IF YOU THINK THERE'S A CONNECTION BETWEEN YOUR COUSIN'S DIS-APPEARANCE AND THE CURRENT SABOTAGE OF YOUR BUS LINES?
WHAT'S THAT? WHY... UH.. NONSENSE! THERE IS NO SABOTAGE OF BUSES!

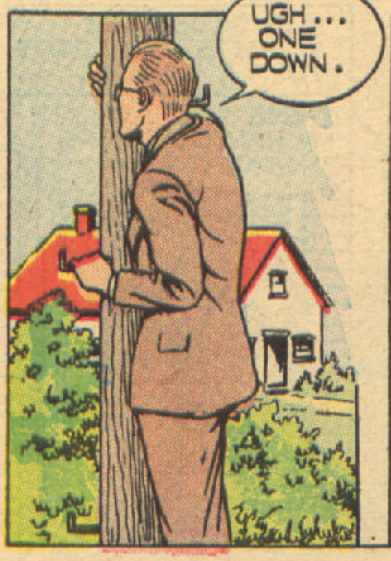

IF WE CAN PROVE THE TROUBLE IS DUE TO SABOTAGE, ALL OPPOSITION TO CONVERTING THE BIRCH AVENUE TROLLEY LINE WILL CEASE!
NO! THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN! GALL! HERE! HURRY! HURRY!
SHUT HIM UP! HE'LL RUIN US!
AT YOUR SERVICE, BOSS!

YOUNG KING COLE

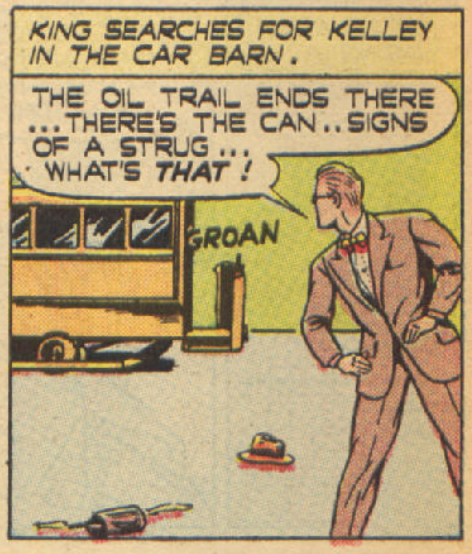


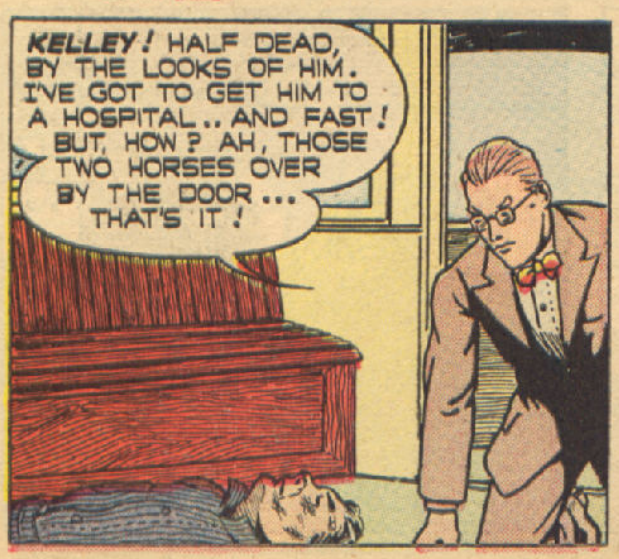

IF HE CAN DO IT, I CAN DO IT! LET GO, BUSH!
STOP, YOU IDIOT! YOU CAN'T! YOU NEED INSULATION!

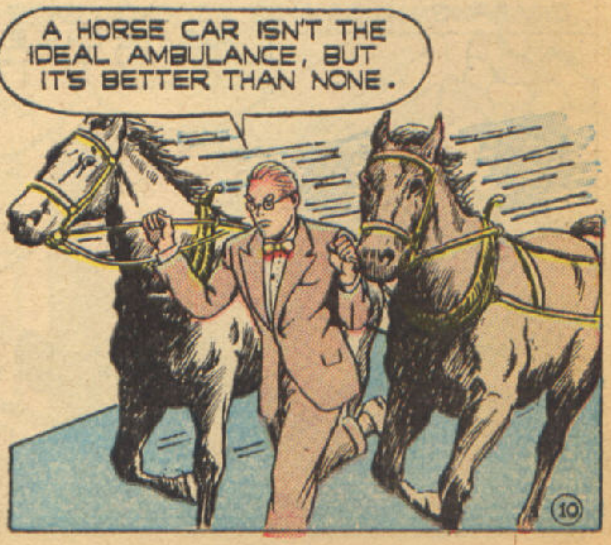

GALL KICKS HIMSELF LOOSE, SPRINGS FOR THE LIVE WIRE.. GRABS IT..AND THOUSANDS OF VOLTS CRASH THROUGH HIS BODY!
OH..OH!


UGH... ONE DOWN.

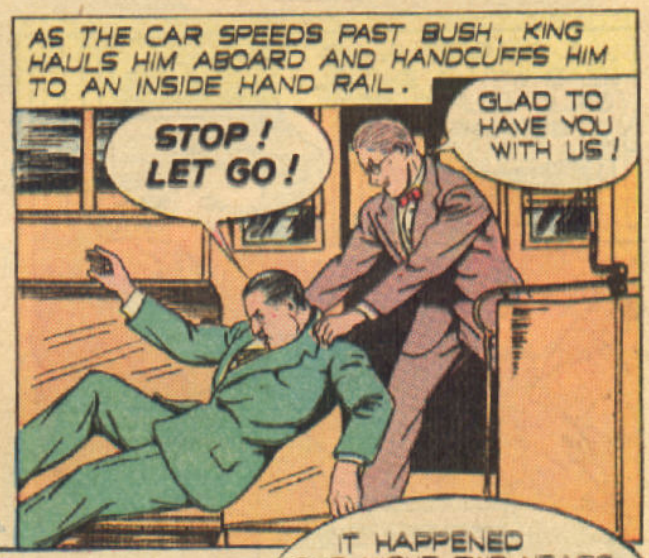
LOOK! HE'S GOIN' INTO THE CAR BARN! WE'LL CORNER HIM THERE! WE GOTTA SQUARE UP FOR GALL!

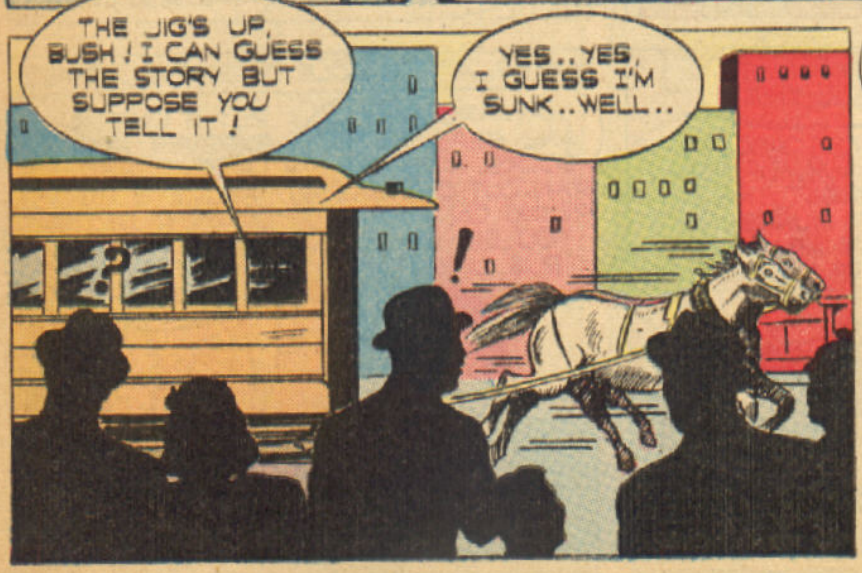

KING SEARCHES FOR KELLEY IN THE CAR BARN.
THE OIL TRAIL ENDS THERE ...THERE'S THE CAN..SIGNS OF A STRUG... WHAT'S THAT!
GROAN

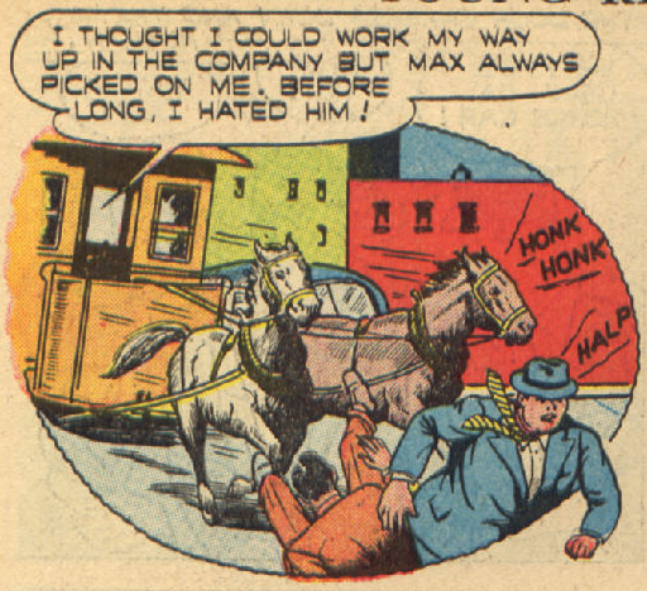

KELLEY! HALF DEAD, BY THE LOOKS OF HIM. I'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL.. AND FAST! BUT, HOW? AH, THOSE TWO HORSES OVER BY THE DOOR... THAT'S IT!


A HORSE CAR ISN'T THE IDEAL AMBULANCE, BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NONE.

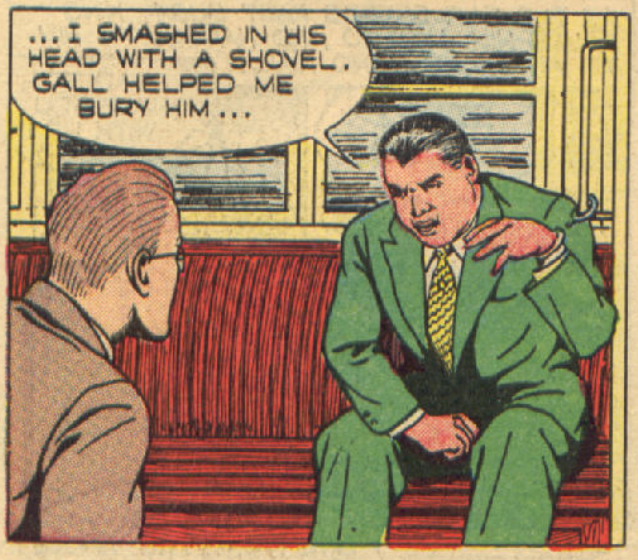
YOUNG KING COLE



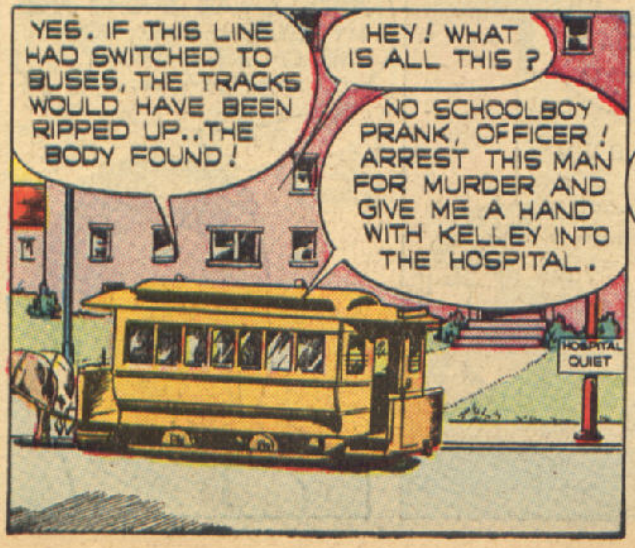


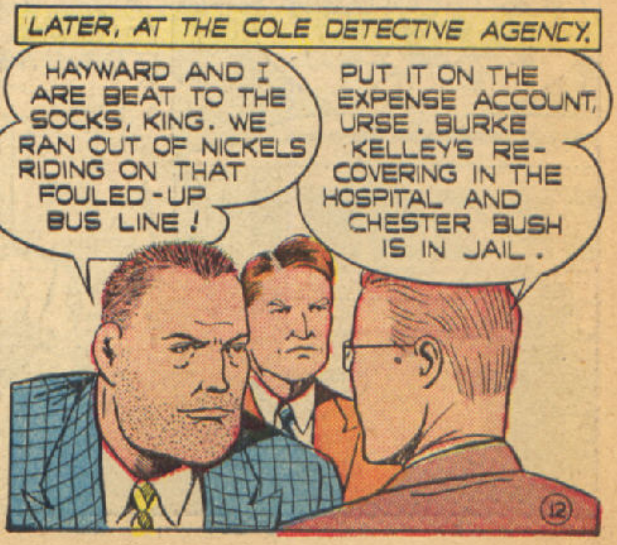

I THOUGHT I COULD WORK MY WAY UP IN THE COMPANY BUT MAX ALWAYS PICKED ON ME. BEFORE LONG, I HATED HIM!
HONK HONK
HALP

CRAZY COLLEGE KIDS! I'LL RUN 'EM IN FOR THIS WILD PRANK!
LATE ONE NIGHT, MAX DROPPED BY, STARTED A QUARREL..IN A BLIND RAGE..


...I SMASHED IN HIS HEAD WITH A SHOVEL. GALL HELPED ME BURY HIM...

...WE THREW HIM IN AN EXCAVATION IN THE TROLLEY LINE, COVERED HIM WITH COBBLESTONES.
NOW I SEE WHY YOU TRIED TO SAVE THIS TROLLEY LINE BY RUINING THE BUS LINES!


YES. IF THIS LINE HAD SWITCHED TO BUSES, THE TRACKS WOULD HAVE BEEN RIPPED UP..THE BODY FOUND!
HEY! WHAT IS ALL THIS?
NO SCHOOLBOY PRANK, OFFICER! ARREST THIS MAN FOR MURDER AND GIVE ME A HAND WITH KELLEY INTO THE HOSPITAL.
HOSPITAL QUIET


LATER, AT THE COLE DETECTIVE AGENCY.
HAYWARD AND I ARE BEAT TO THE SOCKS, KING. WE RAN OUT OF NICKELS RIDING ON THAT FOULED-UP BUS LINE!
PUT IT ON THE EXPENSE ACCOUNT, URSE. BURKE KELLEY'S RE-COVERING IN THE HOSPITAL AND CHESTER BUSH IS IN JAIL.

YOUNG KING COLE

No waiting... Nothing to mail in... GET THESE GRAND BIRD PICTURES!

Twenty-four of these beautiful, colorful bird pictures—you can have all of them if you start collecting now! Here's the way to start:

Just open a box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize! You'll find a bird picture in *every* package! Each one painted by a famous painter of birds—Jack Murray—each one measuring 2⅞ x 4½ inches!

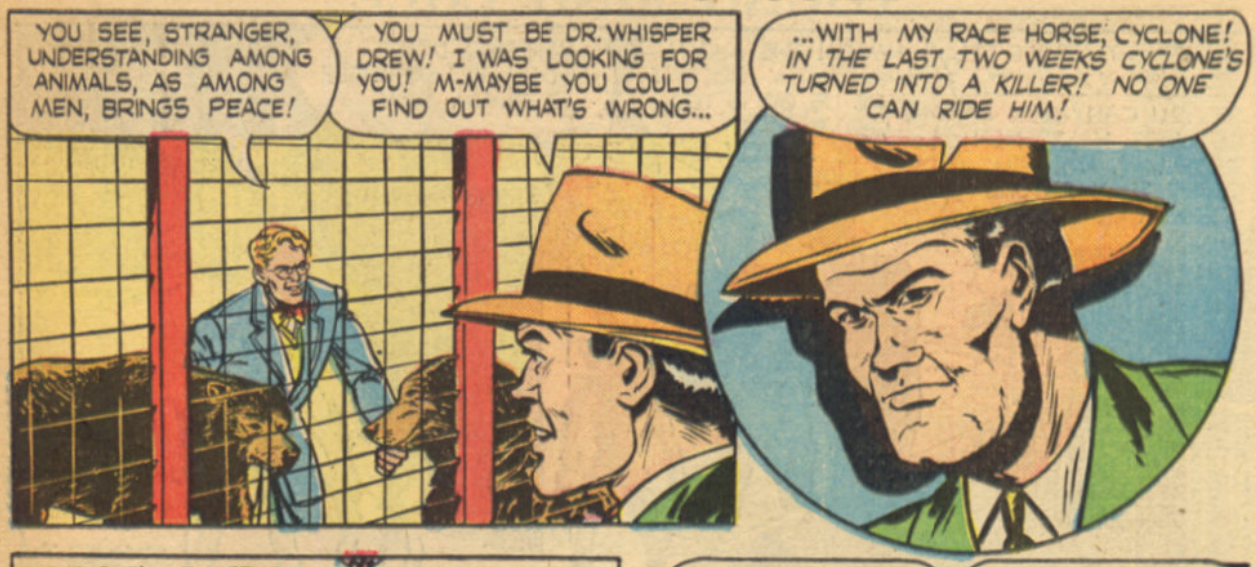
Kellogg's Krumbles is such a delicious breakfast cereal—so crisp and malty—you'll want to eat *two* portions every time! Mothers approve of Krumbles, too, because it's made from nutritious whole wheat. So hurry—ask Mom for your box today!

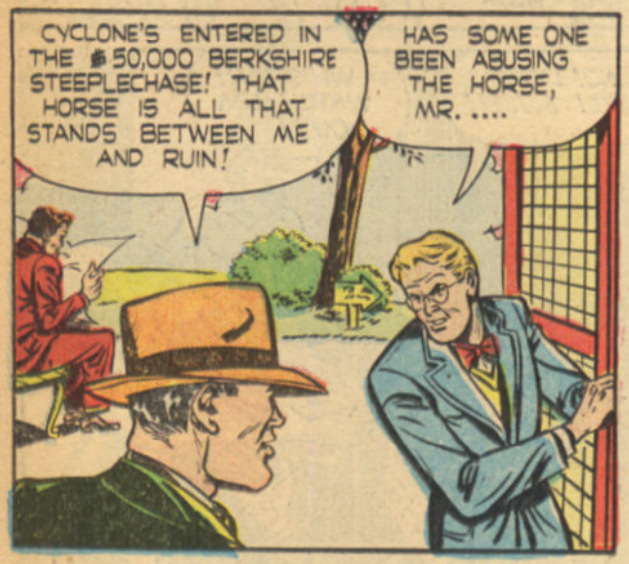
P.S. If you want an album to paste your pictures in, see the side of a Krumbles package for instructions on how to get one.

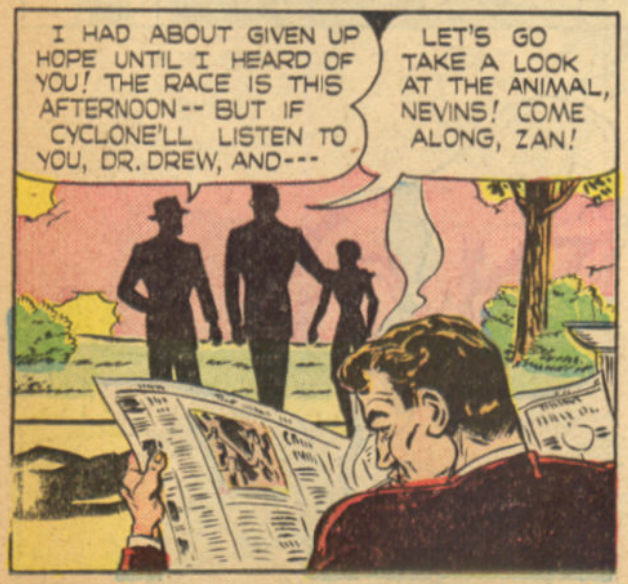
Kellogg's KRUMBLES—a picture in every package

DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN

YOUNG KING COLE







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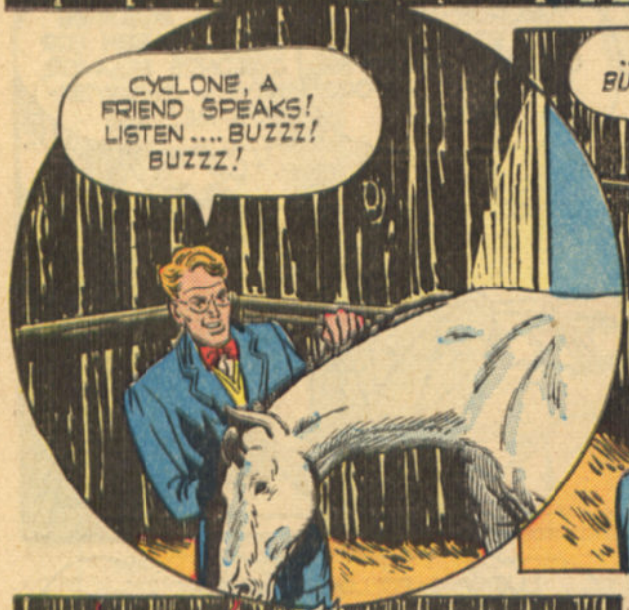
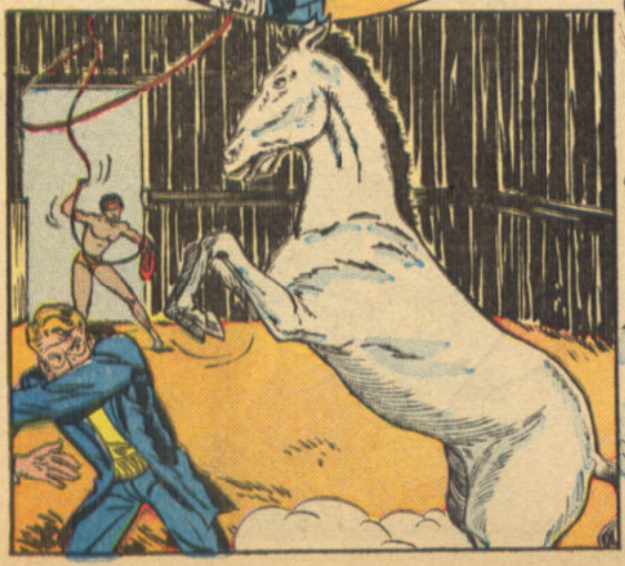
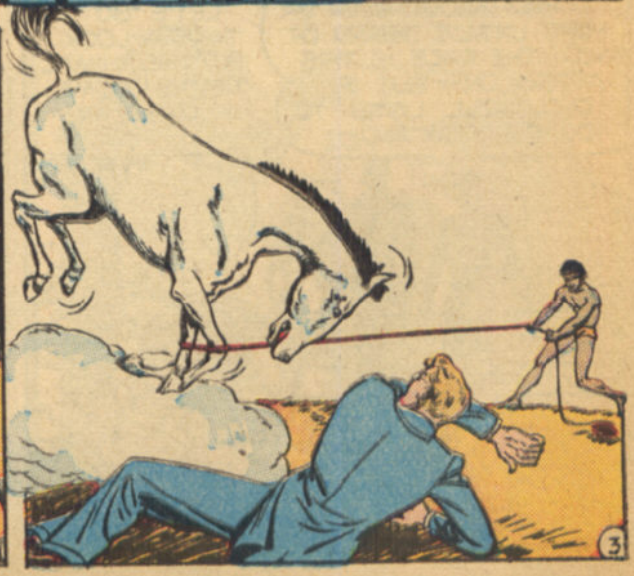
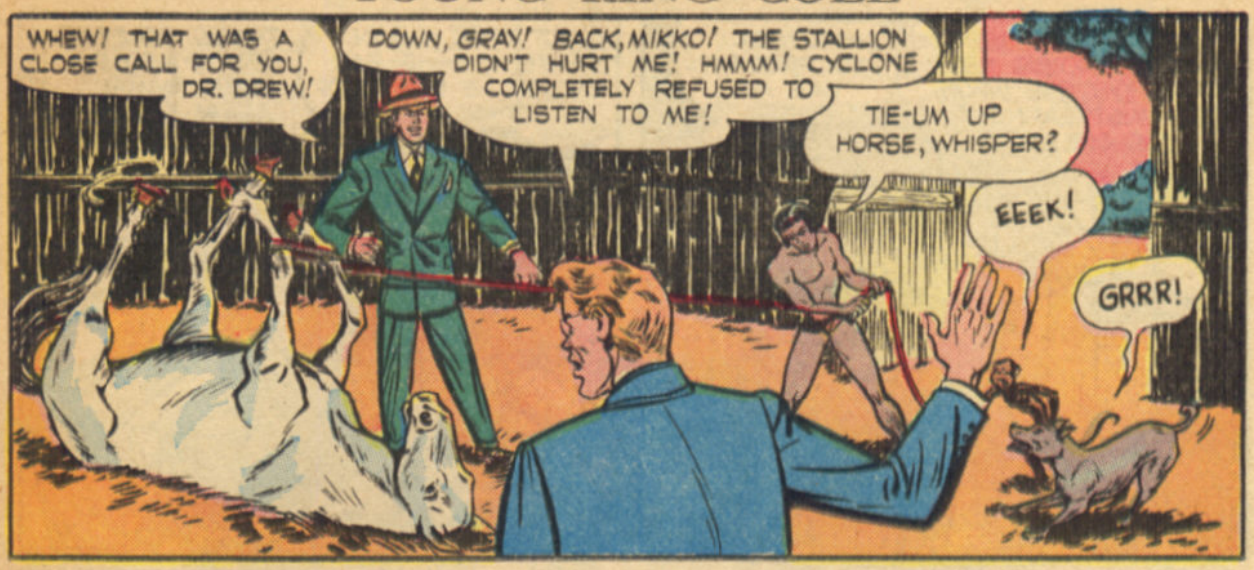
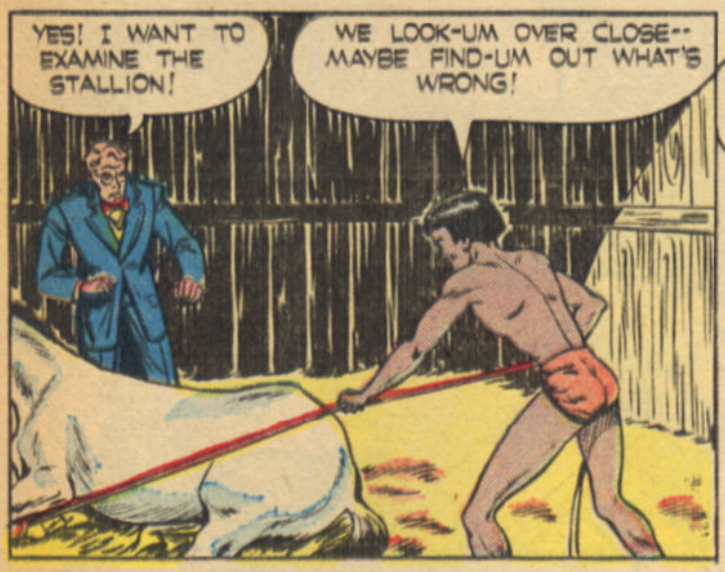







WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL FOR YOU, DR. DREW!
DOWN, GRAY! BACK, MIKKO! THE STALLION DIDN'T HURT ME! HMMM! CYCLONE COMPLETELY REFUSED TO LISTEN TO ME!
TIE-UM UP HORSE, WHISPER?
EEEK!
GRRR!


YES! I WANT TO EXAMINE THE STALLION!
WE LOOK-UM OVER CLOSE-- MAYBE FIND-UM OUT WHAT'S WRONG!

PUZZLING DISCOVERY...
HERE'S WHY THE STALLION DIDN'T LISTEN TO ME-- EARPLUGS OF SHEEPS' WOOL! AND THERE'S THE REASON FOR CYCLONE'S VICIOUSNESS!

WELTS FROM BEATINGS! WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS, NEVINS?
I DON'T KNOW-- BUT WAIT! SLATER, THE GAMBLER, HAS BEEN TRYING TO FORCE ME TO SELL CYCLONE!

SLATER'S AFRAID CYCLONE'LL WIN THE STEEPLECHASE! LOOK! HERE COMES SLATER NOW!
IF SLATER'S BACK OF THIS CRUELTY, HE'S GOING TO BE A SORRY MAN!

SLATER, YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND HERE! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S BEEN MISTREATING CYCLONE!
YOU GOT NO PROOF IT WAS ME...

...BUT WHEN A MAN WANTS A THING BAD ENOUGH, HE DON'T STOP AT NOTHIN', AWK!
THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ABUSE A DUMB ANIMAL AGAIN, SLATER!
ZOK!

GET 'EM, BOYS--- OOF!
EEEEEK!
CLUNK!
GRRRR!
SOK!
BAM!

YOU SHOT-UM WHISPER!
BLAM!

JACK (GASP)--GET THIS LITTLE DEVIL! (GASP)!
MURDERER! (GROAN)

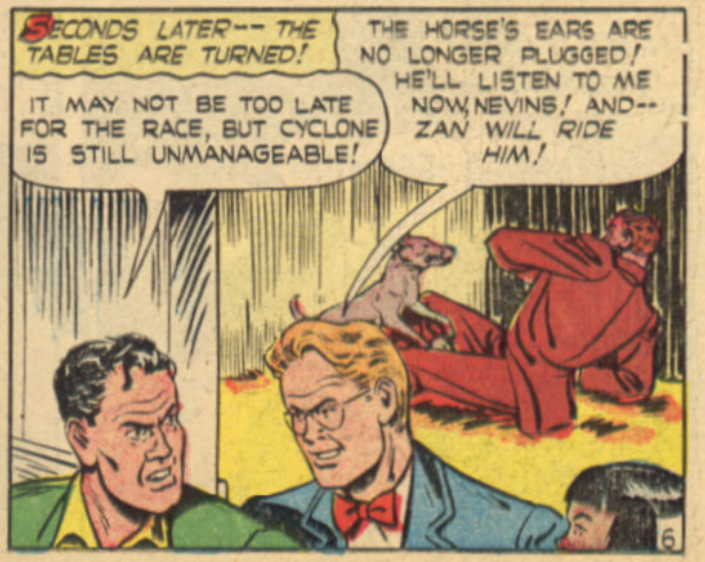
LATER--
WHISPER! YOU ALIVE?
SHHH! THE BULLET JUST GRAZED ME, ZAN! WHAT TIME IS IT?
MUST BE NEARLY STARTING TIME FOR THE STEEPLECHASE (GROAN)!

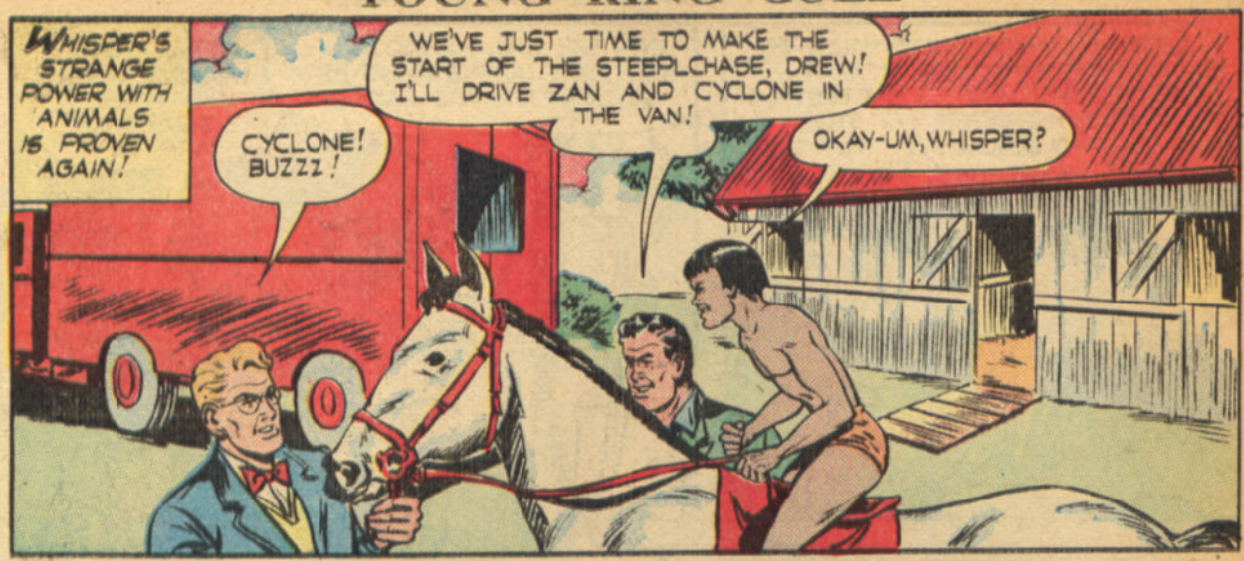
CAN THE GAB, MR. ZOO MAN! YOU LUGS ARE STAYING HERE UNTIL AFTER THE RACE, SEE!
SO SLATER'S MAKING CERTAIN HIS HORSE, DISCUS, WINS!

HE BETTER! SLATER'S GOT A $60,000 POOL BET ON DISCUS! AND THAT AIN'T HAY!
GRAY! BUZZZ! BUZZZ!

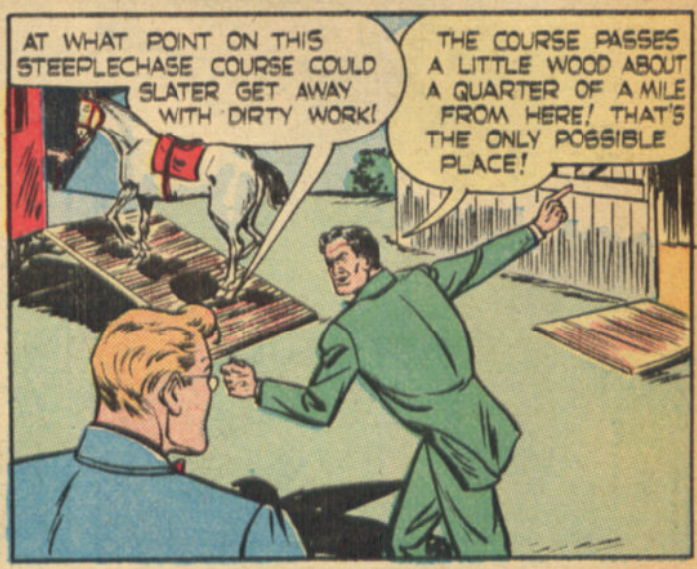
GRRR!
MIKKO! BUZZZ!
EEEEK! EEEEK!

THAT'S IT, MIKKO! BUZZZ!

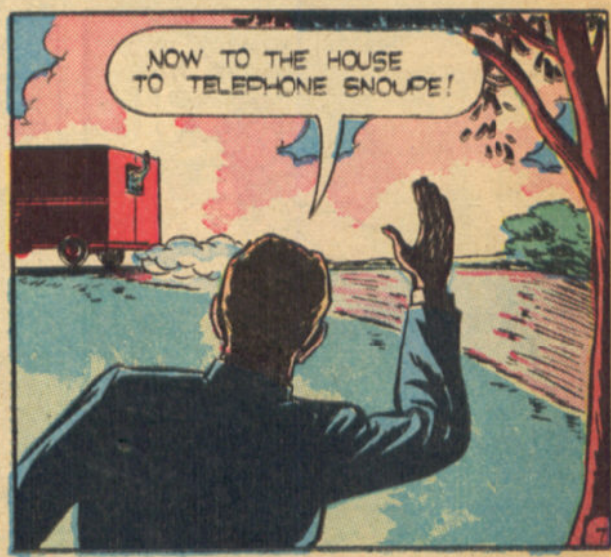

SECONDS LATER-- THE TABLES ARE TURNED!
IT MAY NOT BE TOO LATE FOR THE RACE, BUT CYCLONE IS STILL UNMANAGEABLE!
THE HORSE'S EARS ARE NO LONGER PLUGGED! HE'LL LISTEN TO ME NOW, NEVINS! AND-- ZAN WILL RIDE HIM!


WHISPER'S STRANGE POWER WITH ANIMALS IS PROVEN AGAIN!
CYCLONE! BUZZZ!
WE'VE JUST TIME TO MAKE THE START OF THE STEEPLCHASE, DREW! I'LL DRIVE ZAN AND CYCLONE IN THE VAN!
OKAY-UM, WHISPER?

RIGHT, ZAN! LISTEN, NEVINS. WHEN SLATER SEES CYCLONE START IN THE RACE, THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE!

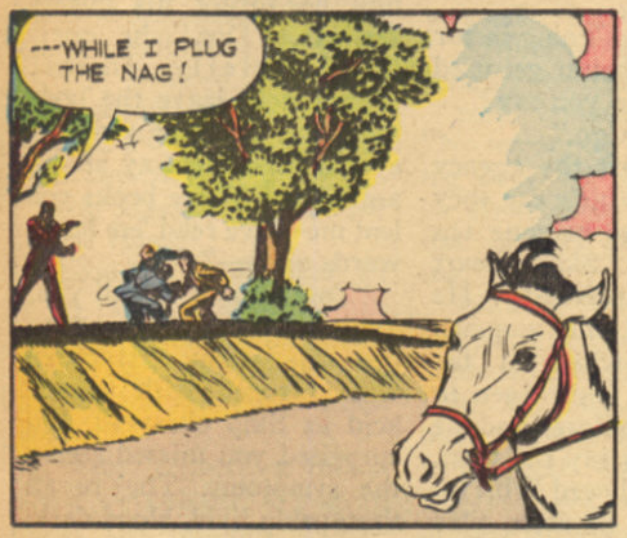

AT WHAT POINT ON THIS STEEPLECHASE COURSE COULD SLATER GET AWAY WITH DIRTY WORK!
THE COURSE PASSES A LITTLE WOOD ABOUT A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM HERE! THAT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE PLACE!

MIKKO! GRAY! BUZZZZZ!
EEEEEP!
WOOF!


NOW TO THE HOUSE TO TELEPHONE SNOUPE!

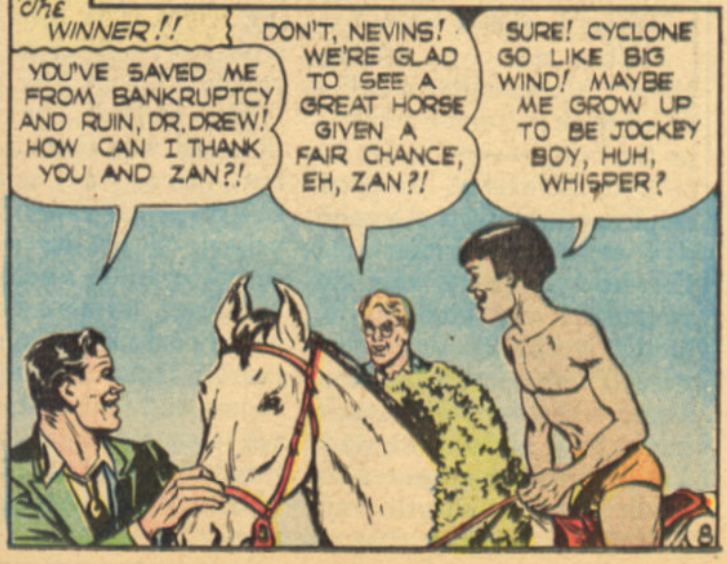
LATER--LURKING DEATH!
IT'S CYCLONE! AND THAT WILD KID, LEADING BY TWO LENGTHS, BOSS!
HERE'S WHERE I STOP A CYCLONE WITH LEAD!
PUT THAT GUN AWAY, SLATER!

---AND GET MOVING, OOPS!
KEEP HIM BUSY, BOYS!
WHAP


---WHILE I PLUG THE NAG!

NO YOU DON'T, GAMBLER! (PUFF)--- GET UP YOUR HANDS! ALL OF YOU!

(PUFF) GRAY MUST HAVE SENSED YOU WERE IN DANGER, WHISPER! (PUFF) HE ALMOST RAN MY LEGS OFF!
GOOD BOY, GRAY! I TOLD HIM TO TRAIL ME, AND BRING YOU TO ME!


THE WINNER!!
YOU'VE SAVED ME FROM BANKRUPTCY AND RUIN, DR. DREW! HOW CAN I THANK YOU AND ZAN?!
DON'T, NEVINS! WE'RE GLAD TO SEE A GREAT HORSE GIVEN A FAIR CHANCE, EH, ZAN?!
SURE! CYCLONE GO LIKE BIG WIND! MAYBE ME GROW UP TO BE JOCKEY BOY, HUH, WHISPER?

DRILLED TO DEATH

by Mickey Klar Marks

"WELL, it has happened." Whit Cornell flopped down in his desk chair.

"What's happened, Whit?" Young Skip Rollins inquired of his idol. He and Whit Cornell, the detective, had been friends for as long as Skip could remember. They had lived together ever since Skip's father (he had been Whit's partner) had been killed tracking down a murderer.

"Joseph Hortwell is dead!"

"You mean the guy that had more enemies than a jam jar has flies? The guy that came here and said he'd been getting threatening letters, and if he died, we would know he was murdered?"

"Correct!"

"Well, how did he get it?"

"Skip. I wish I knew."

"What are you talking about? It was either a bullet or knife or poison or a knock on the head——or"

"Skip, Hortwell dropped dead on the street. As soon as I was notified I examined the body. There was no wound of any kind, knife, bludgeon, bullet or otherwise. There's not a pinpoint mark where a hypodermic might have pierced the skin. To all outward appearances he died a natural death. Yet, he told this agency that if he died we could be sure it would not be from natural causes."

Skip slouched in a chair opposite Whit's. "Could I see the body?"

"A stiff's a stiff, and you won't like it."

"Well, if I'm going in for medicine, I'd better get used to it. What do you say?"

"O.K. Let's go."

The two left the agency and taking Whit's car they arrived at the morgue ten minutes later. Skip's heart hammered insistently. He just hoped his stomach would stay where it belonged. He'd never been in the morgue before, and he was jittery to say the least. Silently he followed Whit into a brightly lit room tiled from floor to ceiling in glaring white. The body of Joseph Hortwell lay on a table partially covered by a sheet.

Skip sniffed. The antiseptic smell was there all right but there was something else. "I smell almonds!" He yelped. "I bet he was poisoned, cyanide smells of—"

"Bitter almonds." An amused bumbling voice roared from a small anteroom and then the large white coated figure of Doctor Burns filled the doorway. "Hello, son. I was eating almonds."

"Oh," Skip gulped. "Well, I knew I smelled something." Embarrassed, flustered and more than scared, Skip approached the sheeted figure. But on examining the body which looked like a wax effigy he forgot his queezy feelings. "Doc," he questioned quietly, "doesn't prussic acid leave the body livid and the pupils of the eyes dilated the way all cyanides do? Those books you lent me—I've read 'em backwards and —"

"I was about to call you, Whit." Burns turned to the older man. "Hortwell was poisoned with prussic acid as Skip observed. I'm surprised you missed seeing the symptoms. They're all there; skin livid, blood dark, pupils dilated. The only hitch is how was it given? I've never seen a case like it, never. There's not one indication of how the poison was administered."

"Doc," Whit sat down on a stool. "I don't like to disagree with you, but prussic acid kills instantaneously. Yet Hortwell walked the streets for at least a half hour before he dropped. We've checked his activities. He saw his lawyer at nine, went to see his step-daughter a half hour later, came home and had words with his

housekeeper, kept a dentist appointment, left there and a half hour after he was dead. All those people were on his suspect list. The housekeeper hated him for she insists he killed his wife because of his penny pinching ways. Same goes for the step-daughter who moved out on him a year ago and took a job. Ditto for the lawyer, for it seems Hortwell caught him manipulating some of his assets and although he never turned him in he held this over his head."

"And the dentist?" Skip asked breathlessly.

Whit laughed. "Probably Hortwell hated *him* because he used a drill. He seems to be in the clear."

Skip began cutting a caper on the rug.

"Skip, for gosh sakes, sit down. This is serious business and there you stand cutting a rug as if this were a jive session instead of a bull session."

"Whit, I have a hunch you'll be cutting a rug in about ten minutes. Something's been buzzin', cousin!"

Doc Burns threw up his hands. "Buzzin' Cousin," he snorted. "Don't tell me, you anemic little undergraduate, that you've discovered something two men of long experience and practice have missed?

"Don't tell me you're so pigheaded you won't at least let me try to see whether my hunch is right or not?" Skip countered.

"Hunches, poof! All right, diaper detective, I'll indulge your whim."

Ignoring this remark Skip returned to the examining table. "Doc, look at the man's teeth, see if there aren't fillings, temporary or permanent ones, yank 'em out if you can."

"That's fine." Doc Burns' voice dripped sarcasm. "That mouth has more gold than a California mine. That's all I've got to do, is take out a hammer and chisel and besides I'm a medic not a —" All the time he complained the doctor was working. Suddenly he drew a blob of white from one of the teeth. It was a temporary filling with a trace of bluish wax adhering to it.

"Ordinary gutta percha used by dentists to fill——"

Skip bounced excitedly. "No temporary ordinary filling ever has wax put over it. There must have been a film of wax over that filling."

Without a word, Doc Burns turned on his heel and lumbered into the laboratory, Whit and Skip close behind him. He sat down at his work bench and tested the blob of gutta percha. When he was through he slumped back in his chair.

"Well, I'm a monkey's uncle. "He muttered. "Skip," he looked up at the eager boy, "you're right! This filling is soaked with prussic acid. How did you know?"

"A hunch, like I said. You said there was no way for the poison to have been administered but the man was poisoned. I think the dentist put the poisoned filling into the tooth, covered it quickly with a film of wax so that Hortwell wouldn't die in his office. He figured the wax wouldn't melt for at least fifteen minutes, time for Hortwell to be well away from his place. That happened! Hortwell died on the street half an hour later far from the scene of the crime. Now, all you need is a motive."

"Skip," Whit grinned, "thanks to you, I know I'll get a confession."

"That case sure made me hungry." Skip announced after a while to Doc Burns. "How about going to the drugstore for a chopped cackleberry sandwich and a glass of cow juice."

Doc Burns fixed a beady eye on the boy. "I've studied Latin, Greek, speak English and have a smattering of French but that lingo of yours is incomprehensible to me."

Skip grinned. "Look, cackleberry is an egg, natch, and cow juice ——"

"Must mean milk! Pfau! Come on then."

They were just finishing a double fudge sundae when Whit strode in, a smile all over his face.

"Skip," he slapped the boy's shoulder, "the dentist's confessed. Hortwell was about to expose him for malpractice. It seems he accidentally killed a patient with an overdose of gas. He's in jail right now."

"Whit," Doc Burns scooped a blob of ice cream into his mouth. "You ought to attend Skip's classes and he ought to take over the agency. Working with Skip here will be a good thing. Diaper detectives drink out of bottles but the stuff they drink keeps the head clear. How about a glass of cow juice and an eg—cackleberry sandwich?"

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO
BY ART HELFANT
THAT'S ME, KIDDIES!

HO-HUM, AT TIMES I'M WEARY OF THIS HOBO EXISTENCE AND WISH I WERE A MILLIONAIRE.

I'M SLEEPY, TOO...
Z Z Z

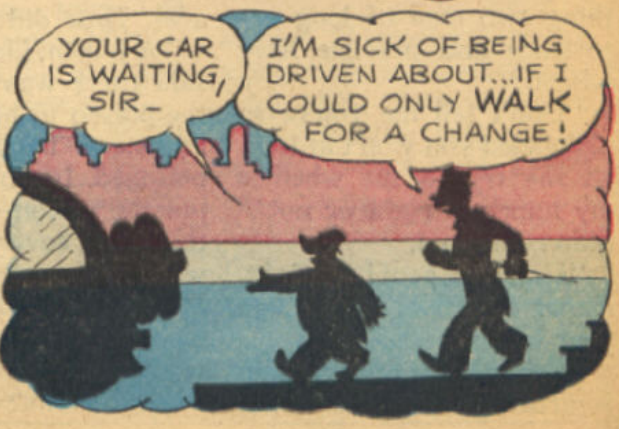
SO OFF TO SLEEP OUR HERO GOES... .. AND DREAMS

-YOU MEAN I'M NOT HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO?
OH, NO, SIR- YOU ARE SIR HEATHCLIFF THE MILLIONAIRE.

YOU ARE TO ATTEND THE HORSE SHOW AT FOUR, SIR.
BUT I DON'T LIKE HORSES.

..AND THE ART GALLERY AT SIX, SIR.
ART GALLERIES BORE ME!

DINNER AT SEVEN, SIR. THE CHEFS ARE PREPARING HORS D'OEUVRES, SQUABS, PHEASANTS AND CAVIAR!
I'D MUCH RATHER HAVE HOT DOGS WITH MUSTARD.

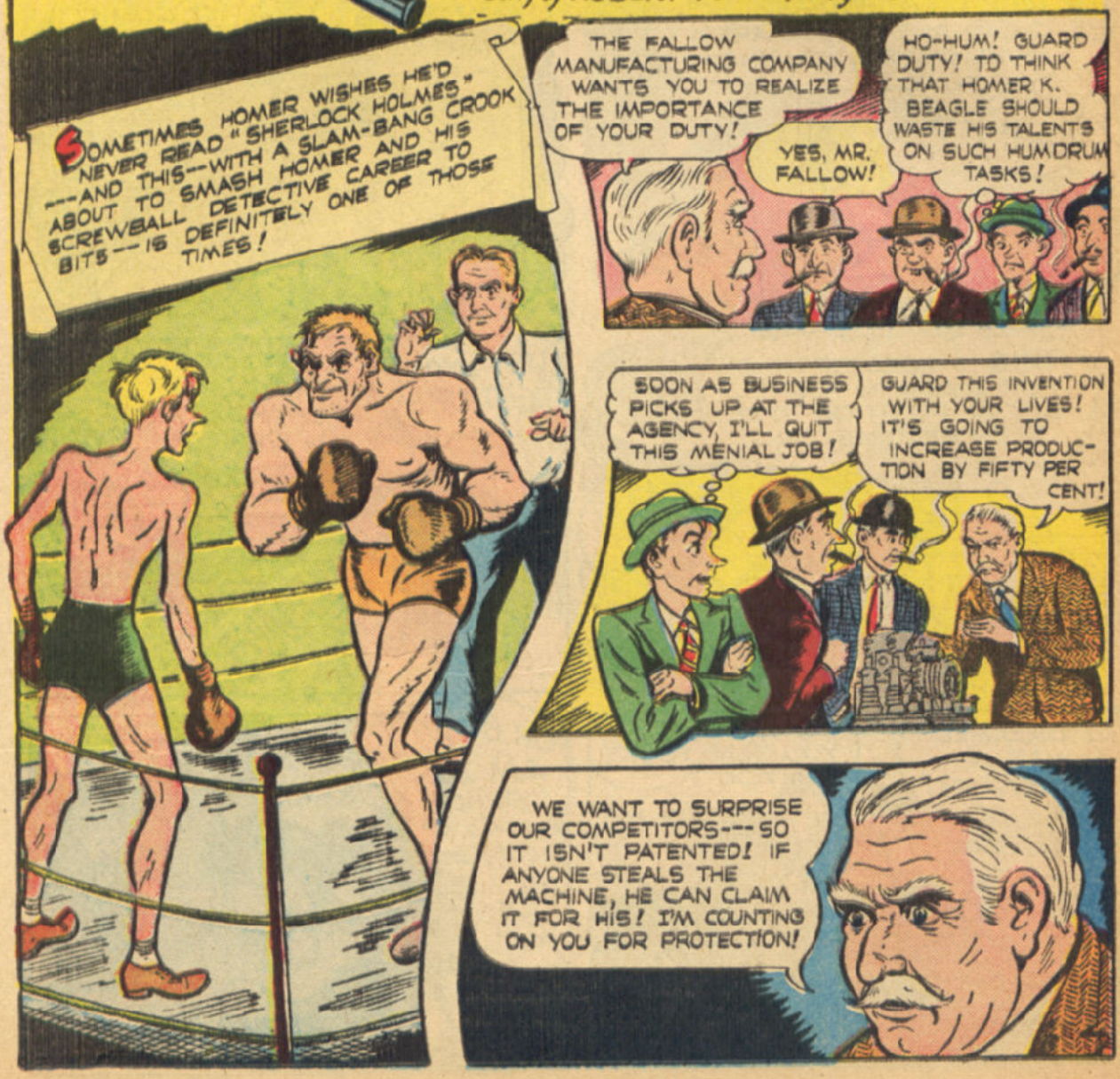

YOUR CAR IS WAITING, SIR-
I'M SICK OF BEING DRIVEN ABOUT...IF I COULD ONLY WALK FOR A CHANGE!

YOUNG KING COLE

Homer K. BEAGLE

The DEMON DETECTIVE

Story by ROBERT PLATE Art by HARVEY FULLER



YOUNG KING COLE

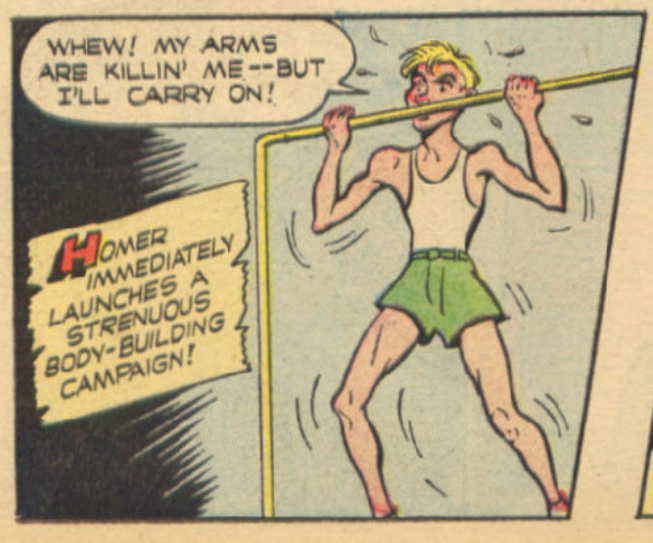
THEN-UH-MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO SEE THE FIGHTS WITH ME TONIGHT--HUH?
GEE--AIN'T THAT FLATTERIN'!
WHAT'S DAT?

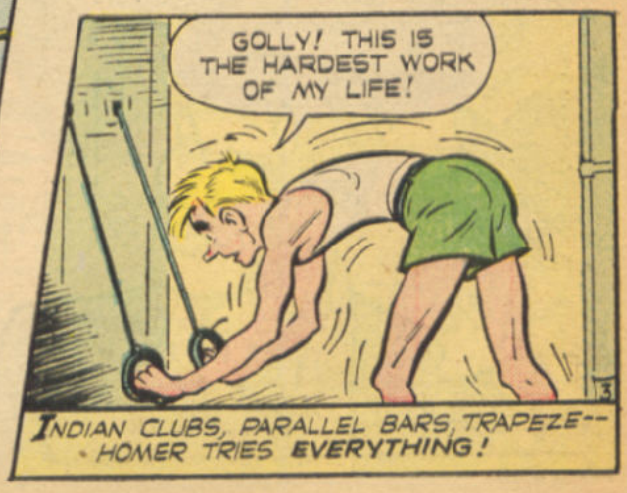
MAKIN' A PLAY FER MY BABE, HEY?
POW

DAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE, PUNK! KEEP AWAY FROM RUTHIE--OR I'LL MAKE HAMBURGER OUTTA YA!

IT'S HUMILIATIN'! THAT IGNORANT YEGG MADE A SAP OUTTA ME --AND IN FRONT OF THAT PRETTY GIRL, TOO!

I GOTTA BUILD ME SOME MUSCLE, PRONTO! I'LL BEAT THESE HUSKY GUYS ON THEIR OWN GROUND!


WHEW! MY ARMS ARE KILLIN' ME--BUT I'LL CARRY ON!
HOMER IMMEDIATELY LAUNCHES A STRENUOUS BODY-BUILDING CAMPAIGN!

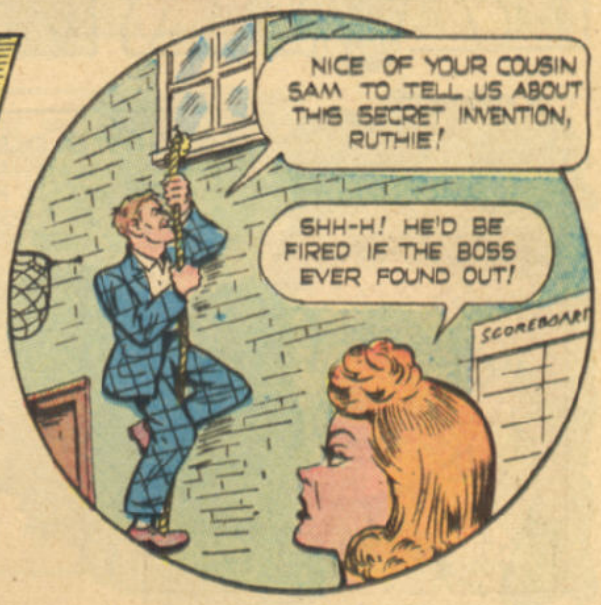

GOLLY! THIS IS THE HARDEST WORK OF MY LIFE!
INDIAN CLUBS, PARALLEL BARS, TRAPEZE--HOMER TRIES EVERYTHING!

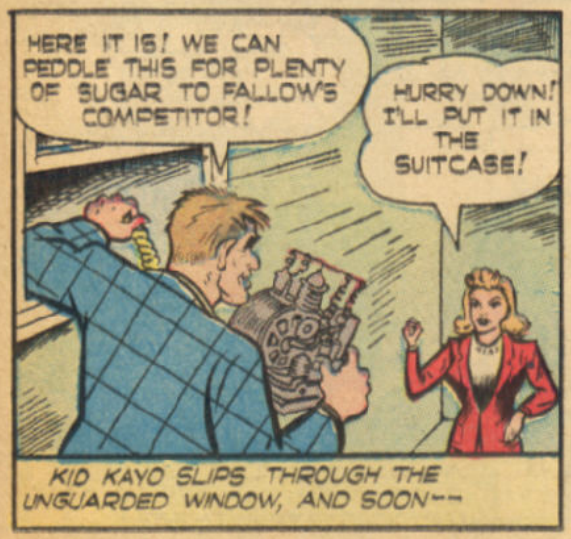
POOF! —I COULDN'T DO ANOTHER PUSH-UP FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!
AND FINALLY THE DAUNTLESS DETECTIVE IS COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED!

NOW FOR A MINUTE'S REST!

BUZZZ ZZZZZZ
BUT A MINUTE LATER---

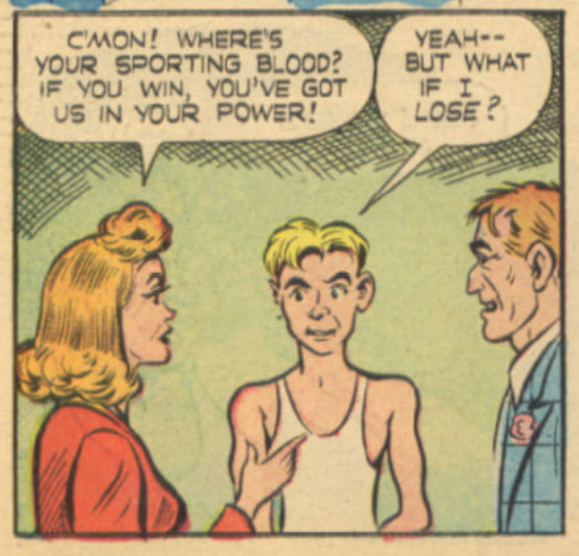
SWELL! DAT HICK DICK TOOK A POWDER! LET'S GET INTO OUR ROUTINE!

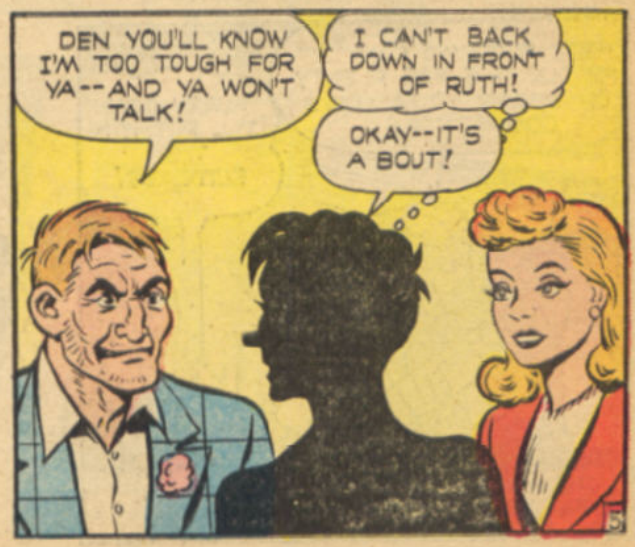

NICE OF YOUR COUSIN SAM TO TELL US ABOUT THIS SECRET INVENTION, RUTHIE!
SHH-H! HE'D BE FIRED IF THE BOSS EVER FOUND OUT!
SCOREBOARD


HERE IT IS! WE CAN PEDDLE THIS FOR PLENTY OF SUGAR TO FALLOW'S COMPETITOR!
HURRY DOWN! I'LL PUT IT IN THE SUITCASE!
KID KAYO SLIPS THROUGH THE UNGUARDED WINDOW, AND SOON---

GEE! THERE'S RUTH!

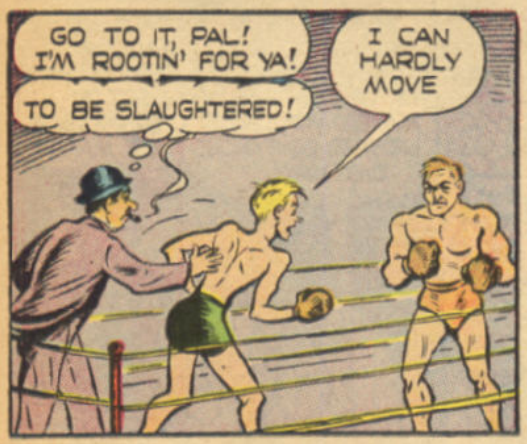
YOUNG KING COLE

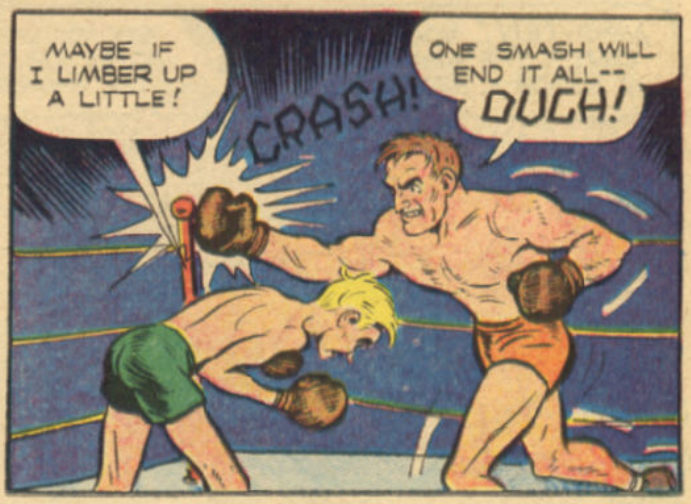




I'M GONNA BE BEAGLE'S SECOND! I'LL SURE MAKE YOU WIN, KID!
DONT WORRY, SAM! I'LL KILL DA PUNK! US THREE ARE SUNK IF HE SQUEALS--BUT HE AIN'T GONNA BE FIT TO SQUEAL!
KID KAYO
THAT NIGHT, JUST BEFORE THE BOUT--

OW! MY BACK! I'M STIFF AS A BOARD FROM ALL THAT EXERCISE!


GO TO IT, PAL! I'M ROOTIN' FOR YA!
TO BE SLAUGHTERED!
I CAN HARDLY MOVE


MAYBE IF I LIMBER UP A LITTLE!
CRASH!
ONE SMASH WILL END IT ALL--
OUCH!

YEOW!! I BROKE ME FIST!
GOSH--THE BOUT'S ON--AND I'M STUCK!
CREAK

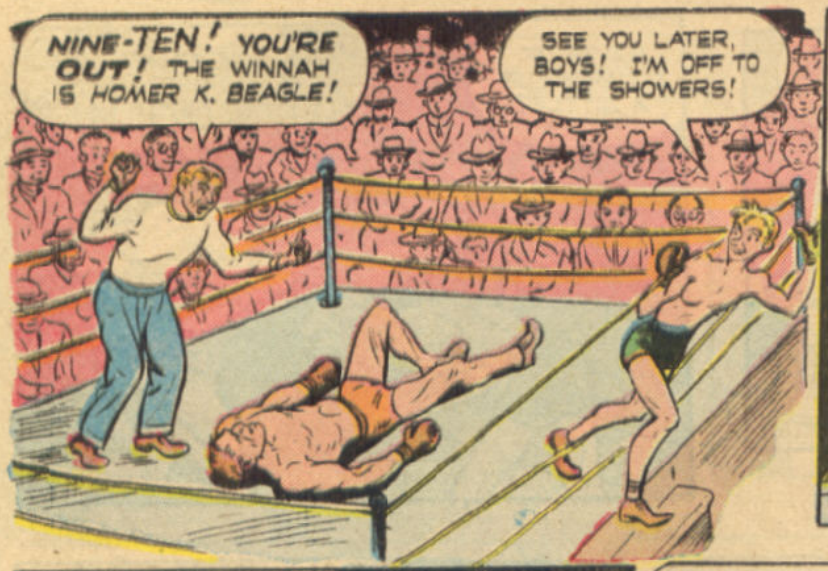
I GOTTA STRAIGHTEN UP AND GET BUSY!
CLUNK!

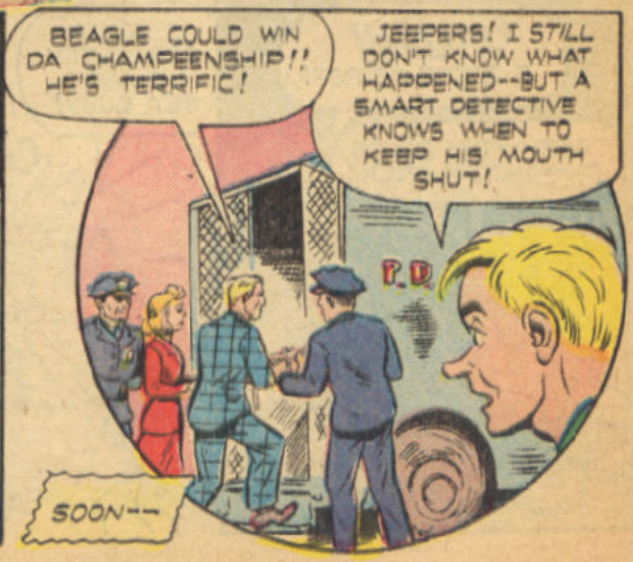
CHEE! DAT BUTT MADE ME GROGGY! I GOTTA TAKE IT EASY TILL DA NEXT ROUND!
STAND UP AND FIGHT, CHOWDER-HEAD!
MIRACULOUSLY, HOMER SURVIVES THE FIRST ROUND!

YOUNG KING COLE

BUT BETWEEN ROUNDS, KID KAYO'S ACCOMPLICE GETS TO WORK!

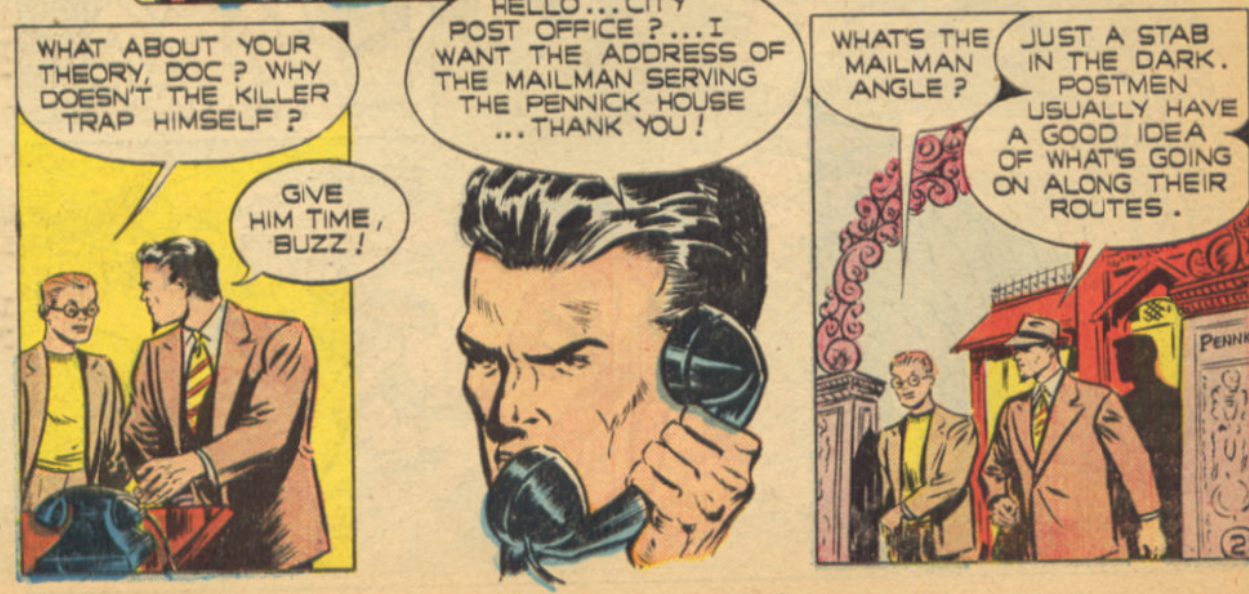
BUT THE ITCHING POWDER HAS UNSUSPECTED EFFECTS!



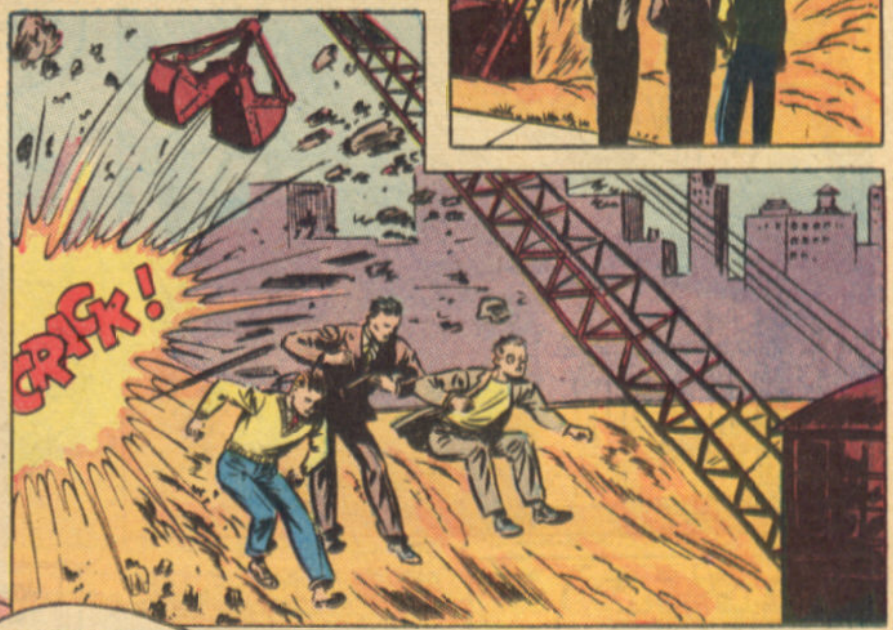


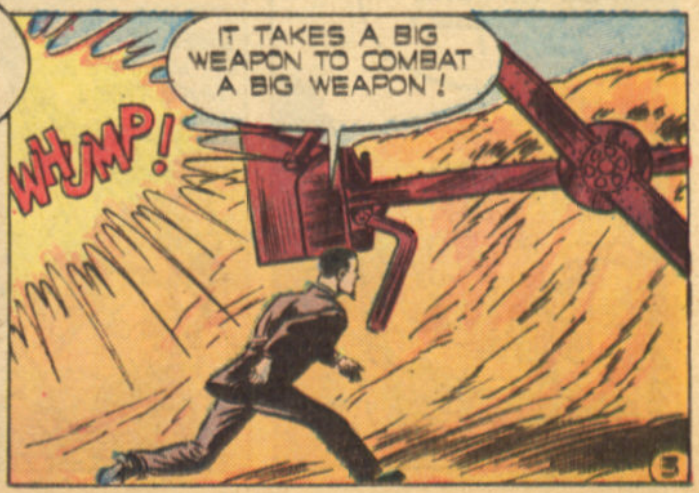
DR. DOOM
DRAWINGS BY NINA ALBRIGHT
WHEN DOCTOR DOOM, FAMED PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY, JOINS HIS STUDENTS IN A JOUST WITH AN EAGER KILLER, HE LEARNS A LESSON HIMSELF!
DOOM ENDS ANOTHER SATURDAY MORNING CLASSROOM LECTURE.
YOUR POINT ABOUT CRIMINALS BEING THEIR OWN WORST ENEMIES PUZZLES ME, DOC! EXACTLY HOW DO THEY TRAP THEMSELVES AFTER THE POLICE HAVE FAILED?
IF WE FIND THE RIGHT CASE, I'LL GLADLY DEMONSTRATE!

YOUNG KING COLE

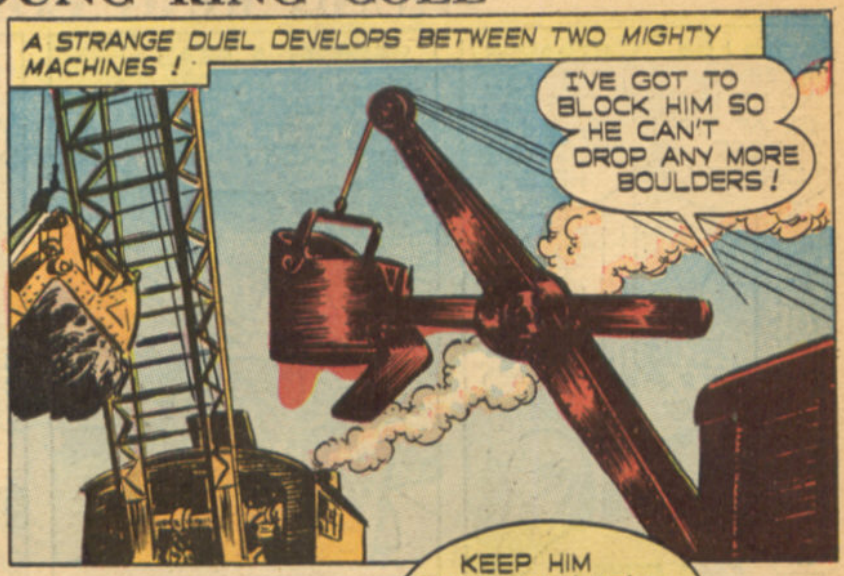


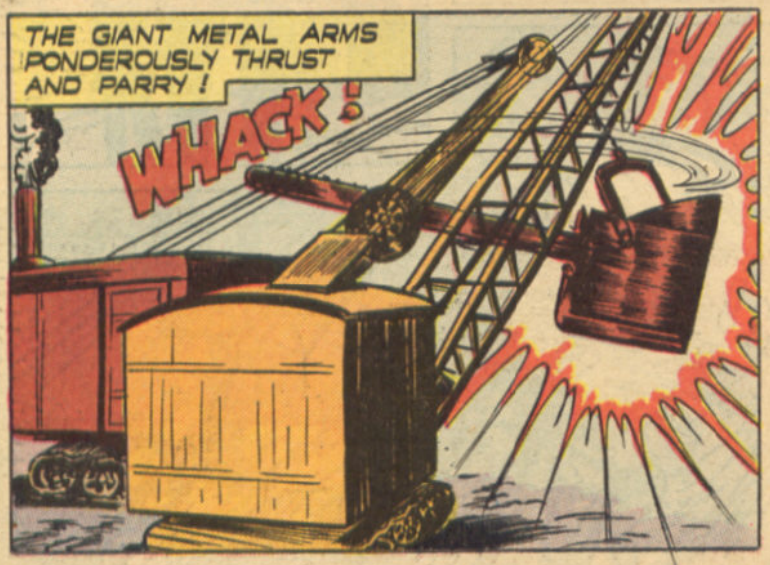
YOUNG KING COLE



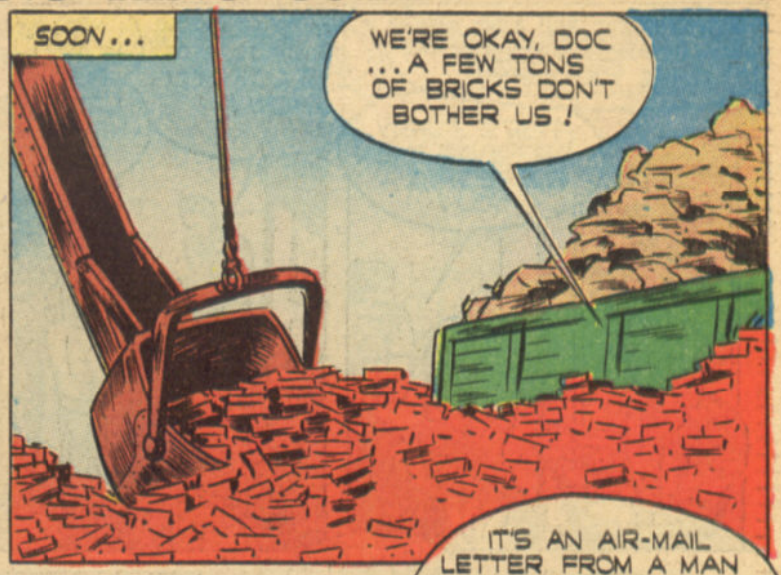


YOUNG KING COLE





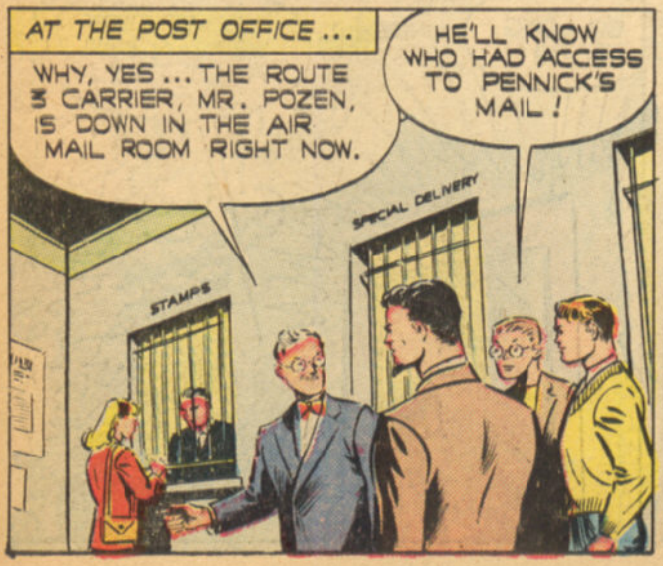
HE'S ESCAPING... BUT MY FIRST JOB IS TO TRY SAVING THE BOYS!


SOON...
WE'RE OKAY, DOC ...A FEW TONS OF BRICKS DON'T BOTHER US!

I HOPE THAT MURDERING FIEND LEFT A CLUE OR TWO!

WELL, I'LL BE...! A LETTER TO PENNICK, ENCLOSING MONEY IN PAYMENT FOR A STAMP!
WHEW! OUR FRIEND MAY BE PENNICK'S KILLER, TOO!

IT'S AN AIR-MAIL LETTER FROM A MAN OUT WEST. I'LL BET PENNICK NEVER GOT IT. THE CITY POST OFFICE WILL HAVE A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO!


AT THE POST OFFICE...
WHY, YES... THE ROUTE 3 CARRIER, MR. POZEN, IS DOWN IN THE AIR MAIL ROOM RIGHT NOW.
HE'LL KNOW WHO HAD ACCESS TO PENNICK'S MAIL!
SPECIAL DELIVERY
STAMPS

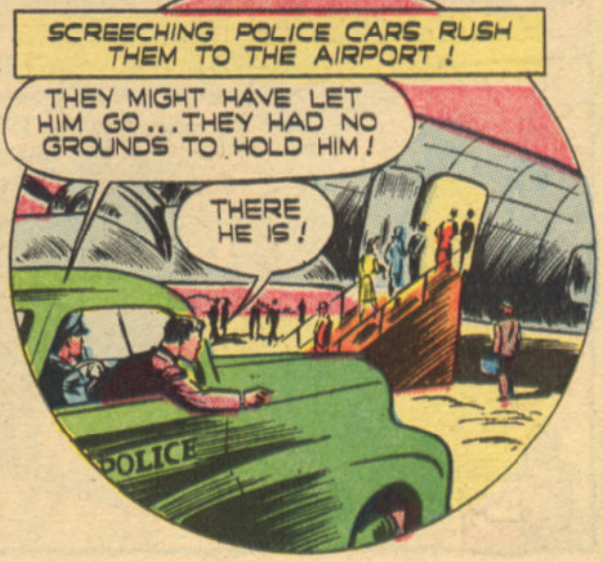
STEP RIGHT IN, GENTS! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
WHAT THE..!?
R MAIL
OOM

YOUNG KING COLE

AH! HERE IT IS!
GOSH! THE FLAMES ARE SPREADING!
AIR MAIL TUBE

THIS PNEUMATIC TUBE DISPATCHES MAIL TO THE AIRPORT! THEY'LL HAVE MY MESSAGE IN A JIFFY!
SOON, AT THE AIRPORT, DOOM'S MESSAGE IS RECEIVED!
"HOLD POZEN! SEND FIREMEN TO CITY POST OFFICE! DOCTOR DOOM."
DOCTOR DOOM! BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS!

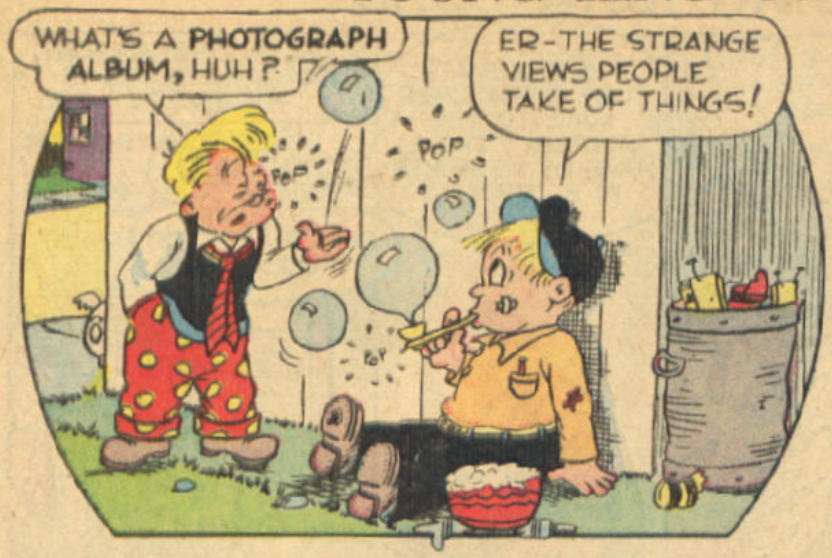
SKEPTICAL FIREMEN ANSWER THE CALL!
GOSH! WE THOUGHT THE CALL WAS A PHONY!
THANKS FOR DROPPING IN, BOYS!


SCREECHING POLICE CARS RUSH THEM TO THE AIRPORT!
THEY MIGHT HAVE LET HIM GO... THEY HAD NO GROUNDS TO HOLD HIM!
THERE HE IS!
POLICE

COME DOWN TO EARTH, POZEN!

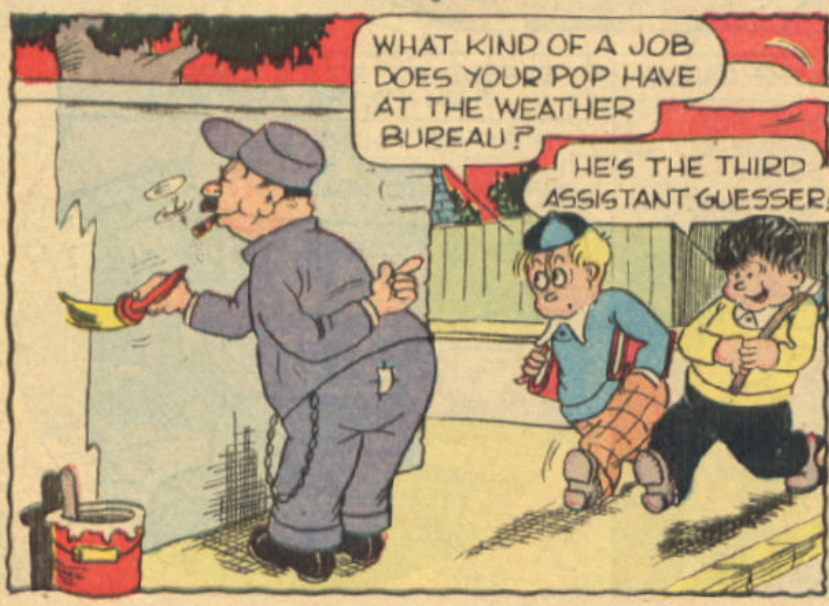
GEE! WE'LL HAVE SOME TALE TO TELL THE CLASS!
SEE? CRIMINALS DO TRAP THEMSELVES... BUT SOMETIMES THEY NEED A LOT OF HELP!

YOUNG KING COLE



RARE HITLER STAMP

Every HITLER stamp found by the Allied Armies in Germany has been destroyed! But some of them were smuggled out when we first invaded Germany. We'll send a Genuine HITLER stamp, GUARANTEED GENUINE, together with a scarce, large classic U. S. 19th century commemorative stamp, Free French Schooner stamp, Greece 2 Queens Commemorative stamp, New Zealand "rare Kiwi" bird stamp, scarce Andorra Malta stamp, and others, also a new 1947 type perforation gauge for measuring stamps, all for only 10c to approval applicants. W. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. Box 303, Phila. 1, Pa.



TONI GAYLE

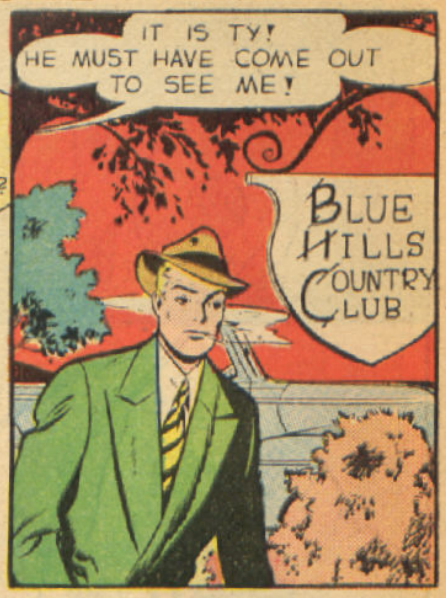
9
CAUGHT IN A TRAP, TONI GAYLE, GLAMOROUS DETECTIVE-MODEL, RELIES ON HER QUICK WITS AND A BIT OF SAND TO FEND OFF A PAIR OF VICIOUS KILLERS!
J. VALLEAU

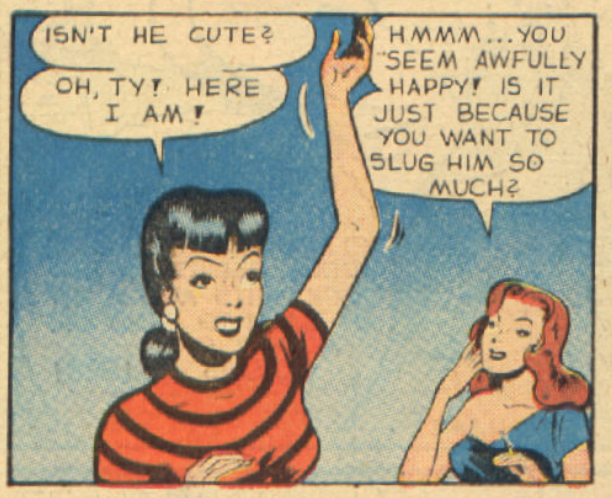
TONI POSES FOR FASHION SHOTS AT THE BLUE HILLS COUNTRY CLUB.
MAKE WITH THE TEETH, GALS! THIS WINDS UP TODAY'S SESSION.

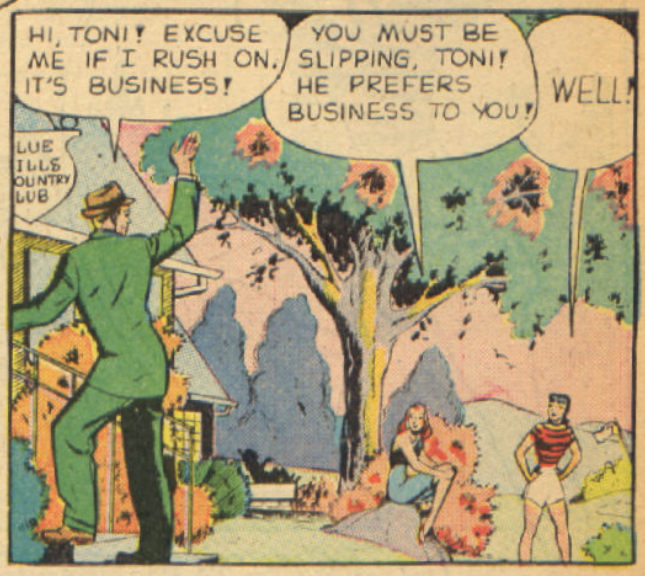
HOW'S YOUR CRIME REPORTER BOY FRIEND, TONI? TY BENTON'S HIS NAME, ISN'T IT?
TY BENTON-MY BOY FRIEND? YOU MUST BE GOING IN FOR FANTASY, LIZ! HE'S THE MOST ARROGANT CHARACTER SINCE THE LATE MR. HITLER!

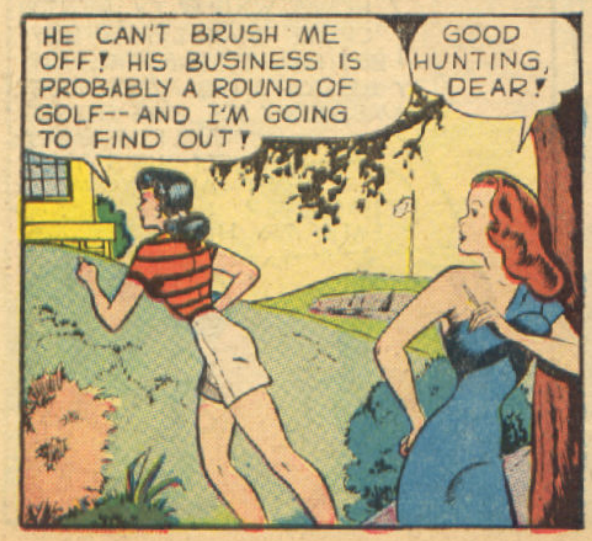
THE BIG LUG THINKS MY DETECTIVE WORK IS JUST A PUBLICITY STUNT! HE CALLED ME A PHONY!

I'LL SHOW HIM I CAN SOLVE CRIMES, EVEN IF I HAVE TO COMMIT THE CRIME MYSELF-- PREFERABLY BY ASSAULTING HIM WITH A BASEBALL BAT!
SAY! ISN'T THAT THE GENT UNDER DISCUSSION?


IT IS TY! HE MUST HAVE COME OUT TO SEE ME!
BLUE HILLS COUNTRY CLUB


ISN'T HE CUTE?
OH, TY! HERE I AM!
HMMM...YOU SEEM AWFULLY HAPPY! IS IT JUST BECAUSE YOU WANT TO SLUG HIM SO MUCH?

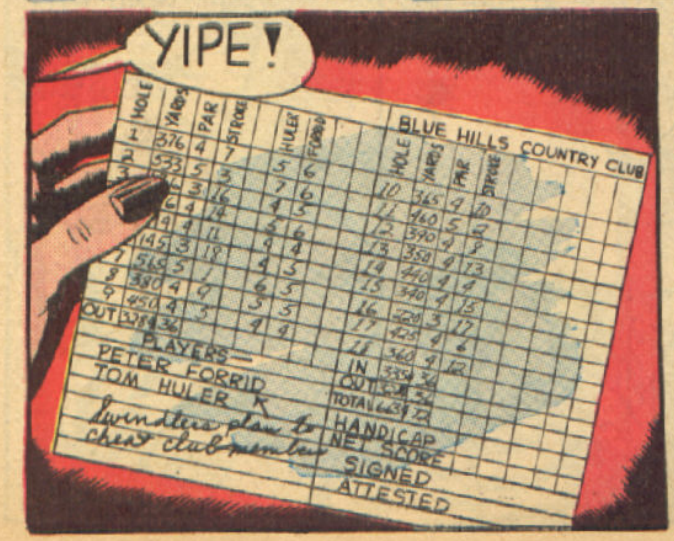

HI, TONI! EXCUSE ME IF I RUSH ON. IT'S BUSINESS!
YOU MUST BE SLIPPING, TONI! HE PREFERS BUSINESS TO YOU!
WELL!
LUE ILLS OUNTRY LUB

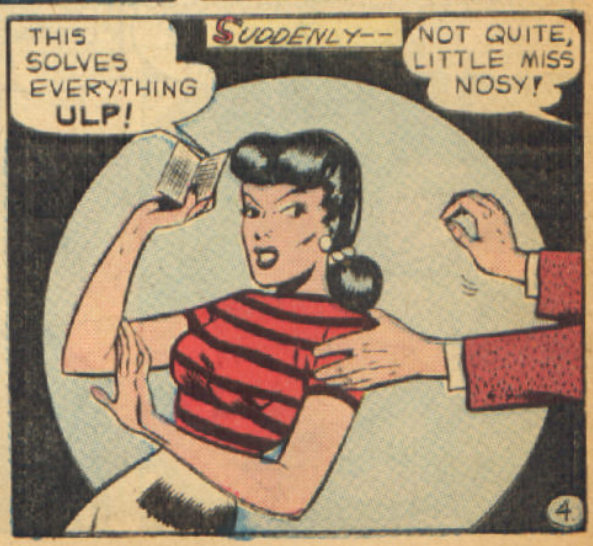

HE CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF! HIS BUSINESS IS PROBABLY A ROUND OF GOLF-- AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
GOOD HUNTING, DEAR!

INSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE--
SEE HERE, TY BENTON! I--
SHH! QUIET, TIGER WOMAN! THIS IS SERIOUS! A REAL CRIME!

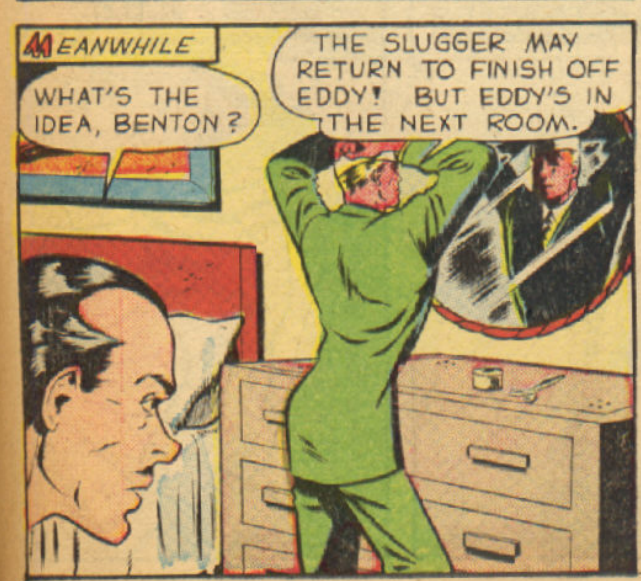
YOUNG KING COLE

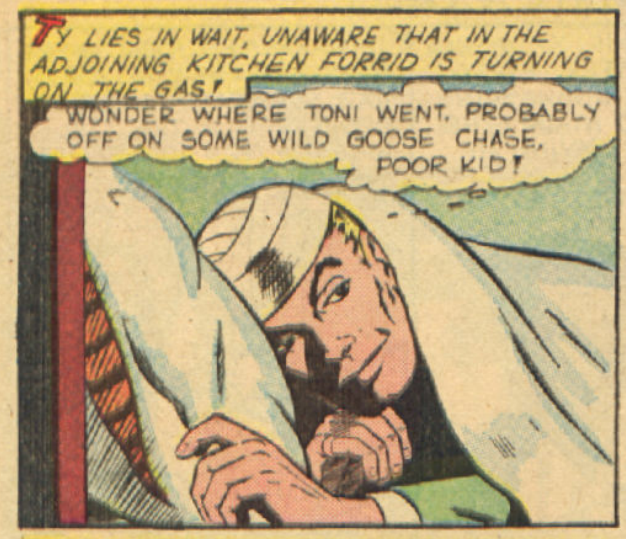
YOUNG KING COLE

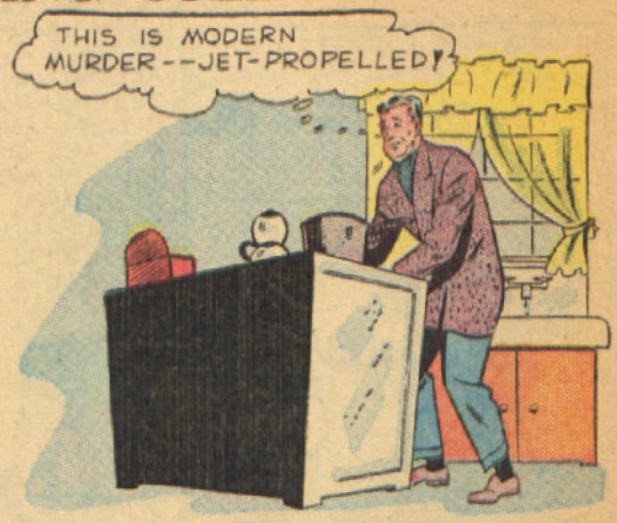


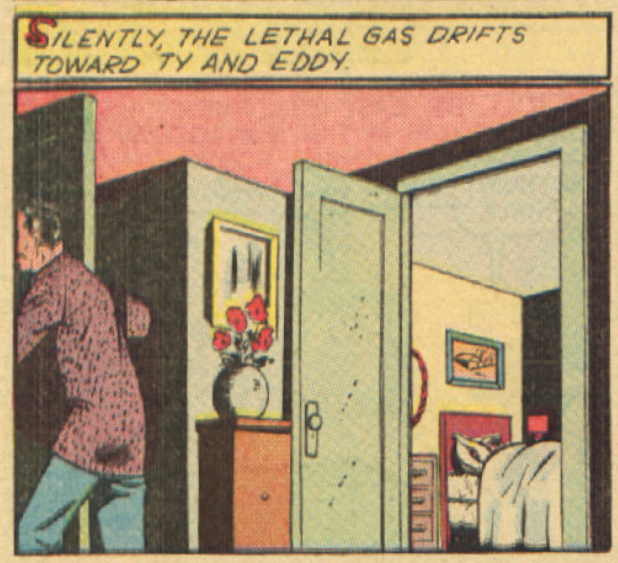


YOUNG KING COLE



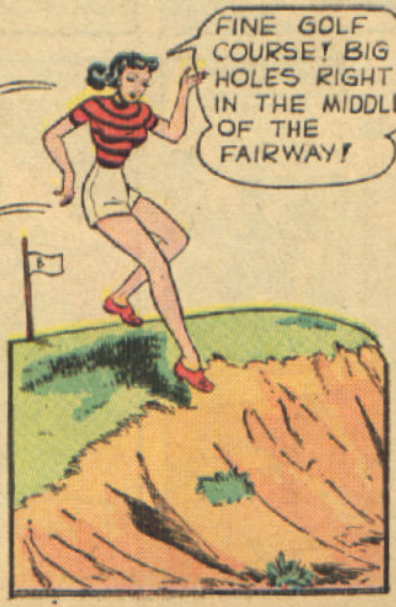

TY LIES IN WAIT, UNAWARE THAT IN THE ADJOINING KITCHEN FORRID IS TURNING ON THE GAS!
I WONDER WHERE TONI WENT. PROBABLY OFF ON SOME WILD GOOSE CHASE, POOR KID!


THIS IS MODERN MURDER--JET-PROPELLED!


SILENTLY, THE LETHAL GAS DRIFTS TOWARD TY AND EDDY.

BACK ON THE NINTH HOLE, TONI BATTLES FOR HER LIFE!
I KNOW IT ISN'T POLITE TO POINT, BUT EMILY POST MIGHT FORGIVE ME FOR THIS!
OW!

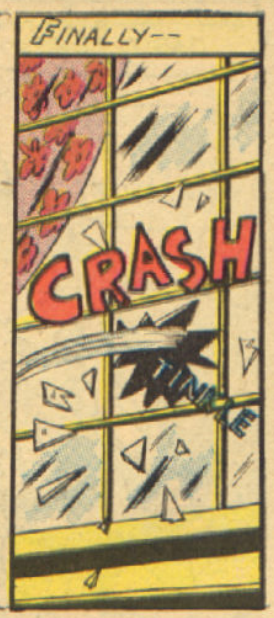
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO BEAT YOUR BRAINS OUT!
SOME OTHER TIME, OLD BOY!

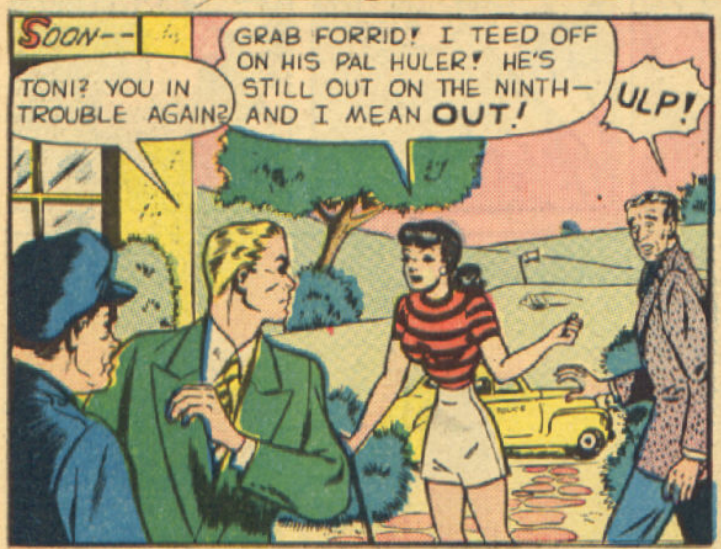

FINE GOLF COURSE! BIG HOLES RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FAIRWAY!

TONI SPRAINS HER ANKLE!
OUCH!

YOUNG KING COLE

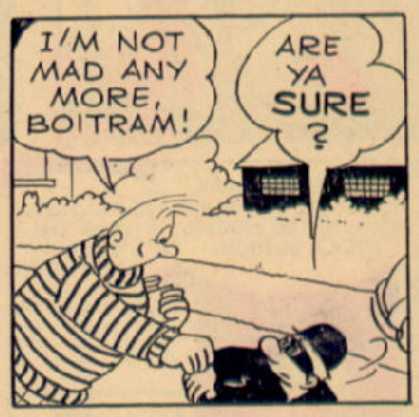
YOUNG KING COLE

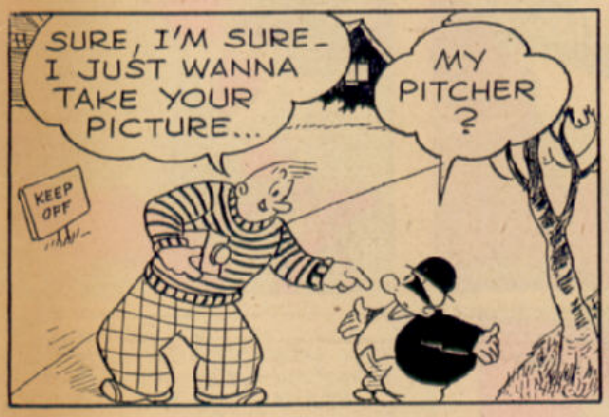


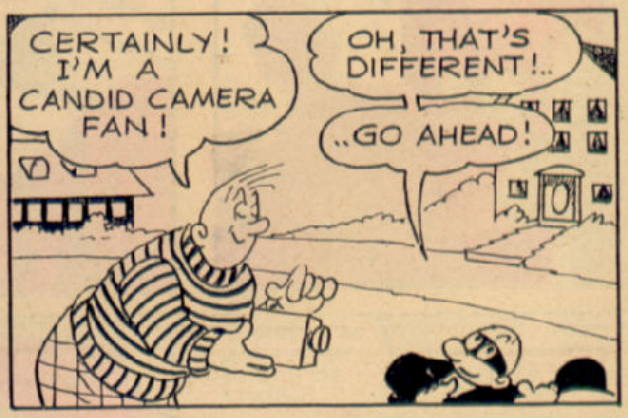


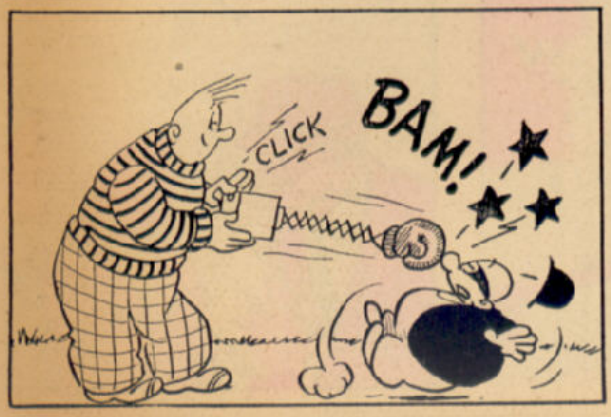
BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

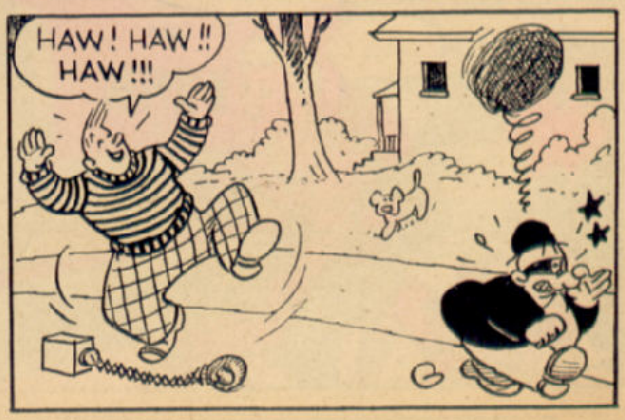
BY ART HELFANT











WHEN A SLIP MEANT DEATH
BOY, SOME BIKE HIKE! AND COULD I MANGLE A DINOSAUR STEAK-- HEY, JIM... WHAT'S THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE A KID CRYING, DICK... OVER THERE!
...LEAVE THE CASH WHERE I SAY AND DON'T CALL THE POLICE.
BOO-HOO!
JEEPERS! BIG EARS HEARD US! LET'S BIKE DOWN TO THE HIGHWAY POLICE STATION.
O.K....WE'LL TAKE THE SECRET SHORT-CUT!
TALK ABOUT "STRAIGHT-AND-NARROW"! IF MY TIRES EVER SLIPPED...
OUR SAFETY GRIP FISK TREADS WILL GET US THROUGH!
TUSTINO
...KIDNAPPER-- BACK IN THE WOODS-- GET HIM!
LATER...
HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST RIDE ON EASY-GOING FISKS?
SWELL!
WELL, SMALL CHANGE, THERE'S THE FISK BOY WHO HELPED US OUT!
TIME TO RE-TIRE
BUY
FISK
WHEW! ON THAT SHORT-CUT A SLIP MEANT DEATH!
AW! WITH OUR FISK TIRES, WE WEREN'T EVEN WORRIED!
FISK BIKE TIRES